

CHARLEY SAYS

By India Fisher

I have to admit from the outset that I feel somewhat under qualified to be writing this, being merely a 'turn' and in no way a writer- or director for that matter – with all the insights that affords you. I just turn up and read the lines! Therefore I am ashamed to say that I can only offer my reminiscences on what it was like to record *Seasons of Fear* and my humble opinion on having heard the finished product. If the thought of yet another actor wittering on fills you with horror, please feel free to skip straight to the interesting part: the script.

The first thing that struck me about this script – and I am glad to hear that it has carried over into the finished product – is the relationship between the Doctor and Charley. This is the middle story of the second season, so it makes sense that they are more at ease with one another and their relationship is developing. Paul Cornell and Caroline Symcox do a wonderful job of bringing out the lighthearted side of their friendship. The play starts with the Doctor keeping a promise to Charley, taking her to Singapore so she can keep her date with Alex. They are playful with one another and there is no sense of danger, a fact that is played on in the script by having the Doctor exclaim as they leave the TARDIS, 'Wait! ... Does this hat suit me?' I love the banter between them; Charley is getting to know the Doctor and all his little idiosyncrasies and isn't afraid to tease him about them. When she talks about his technique of questioning someone by playing the fool and getting them to do all the talking, the Doctor says, 'Do I do that?'

'I always thought you did!' Charley replies.

There is a real feeling of camaraderie between them. In the court of Edward and Edith, the Doctor first says Charley is as strong as an ox and then moments later says of her, 'What she lacks in experience she makes up for in sheer gall'. She quips, 'I'm keeping a list of these you know!' This sort of good-natured banter is always great fun to play, and having Paul McGann to play off makes it such a joy. Just like the Doctor and Charley, Paul and I were, of course, getting to know one another better by this time, and I think, and hope, this comes across in the recording. I also think the fact that we are all in the same room helps hugely with this sort of repartee. If you can see the other actor's eyes then you can really start to play off one another, and Paul is an immensely giving actor. I don't know whether it comes across to anyone else or if it is just a personal thing because I was there, but I can hear the smiles on our faces in certain parts of dialogue, and the script is very funny. I love the bit when they are about to travel to Buckinghamshire and Charley exclaims with glee that it's another chance to wear a lovely dress.

'Be a bit conspicuous wouldn't it?' the Doctor retorts.

'I meant for me!' states Charley, wearily. I remember that Paul was deeply amused that the TARDIS had an entire wardrobe room, and cried out in a true luvvie voice, 'Get to wardrobe quick, it's nearly the half!'

I was also very glad to see that Charley wasn't just the Doctor's sidekick in this story. She had much more of a partner's role to play and wasn't afraid to get stuck in if needs be: brandishing sword and getting carried away with the idea of how they could do away with Grayle (catapult, stone him, or just drop him off on some harmless planet), which I love and hope to see more of as her character develop. She even saves the Doctor on more than one occasion. In fact in this play Charley takes on the opposite role to the Doctor, who remains as ever above violence. It is this dichotomy between the violent route or not that is so nicely played out between the Doctor and Grayle. It is repeatedly said by the Doctor that they could have been friends if circumstances had been different. They are two sides to one coin and that makes him so interesting as a foe for the Doctor. Of course that also had a lot to do with the brilliant performance by Stephen Perring, who had the unenviable task of playing four generations of the same character. Not an easy task, as I later discovered in *Neverland*.

As a relative newcomer to *Doctor Who*, I was of course aware of the Daleks and to a lesser extent the Cybermen, but had no idea about the Nimon. During the recording, Gary Russell brought in the video of *The Horns of Nimon*, which we all sat down to watch. I have to admit there was a certain air of being back at primary school when the whole class sat down to watch *Look and Read*. I am ashamed to admit that this childish atmosphere was contagious, as when the Nimon appeared I had to

stifle giggles. Now, I mean no disrespect to the costume designers or indeed to the programme as a whole, but I think it was the platform boots under the body stocking that sent me over the edge! I have said it before and I say it again now: audio is the perfect medium for *Doctor Who*. When I heard Bob Curbishley's Nimon on the CD, they came across brilliantly, and I wasn't tempted once to crack a smile. Although this wasn't the case during recording, as Bob would break into a William Hague impression in between takes, which worked surprisingly well with the voice effect. Although I would rather not dwell on the image of William Hague in a body stocking and platforms!

My hat goes off to everyone in this story; Paul and I had the easy part, whilst everyone else played multiple roles. It takes real skill to make them different, which was done superbly. I know Stephen Fewell well now, having become friends whilst recording *Seasons*, and even I had to check it was really him playing Richard Martin. Although he was concerned at the time that Gary kept asking him to retake a line, as he apparently sounded like a pirate! (I think that line is now somewhere on the cutting room floor.)

Doing this story with the Nimon suddenly made me realise what a wealth of history there is to *Doctor Who*, and how many other traditional foes he has that I am unaware of. This made me really excited about the possibilities for the fortieth anniversary special and the subsequent season. Charley is developing so nicely as a character, and the relationship with the Doctor is really starting to gel, I just can't wait to find out what happens next! I hope I'm not the only one.

SEASONS OF FEAR

By Paul Cornell & Caroline Symcox

One: A History Lesson (Paul)

My fascination with Edward the Confessor reaches back to my M.A. course at Lancaster University (I was in the same group as Paul Magrs). For the first year of my postgraduate degree, I started to write a historical novel about Edward. After I left Lancaster, having made the decision that I wanted to write for a living rather than teach people how to write for a living, I used the material for a TV pitch. It was developed by Nicola Schindler and Matt Jones at Red Productions. (This was before *Ivanhoe* put an end to the concept of big budget historical drama.) But we kept hitting the same problem: the story of Edward and Edith doesn't really have an ending.

Edward had come to the throne as a puppet ruler, the pawn of his powerful mother, to be used in a game between her and the real power in England, the Earls of the family Godwin. The Godwins owned nearly all the land, and governed it at a local level, to the point where the King was merely a figurehead. Edward, still a rather ineffectual and weak person, was forced to marry Earl Godwin's daughter, Edith, meaning any heir would be very much influenced by the Godwin family.

Edward had a reputation as being very unworldly and spiritual, hence the nickname of 'The Confessor'. That was always the reason given for why he and Edith, the most beautiful woman in England, never conceived a child. But there are lots of contemporary accounts of them having a wonderful time together, going over the Godwins' heads by touring the country and meeting the people directly, creating the first media monarchy. As soon as they got married, the Crown started to pull power back from the Earls.

Meanwhile, foreign powers such as Norway, Denmark, and the Normandy of William the Bastard (the inventor of the concentration camp) all viewed England as their next conquest. Except for the fact that Edward and Edith created a cosmopolitan court at which they were all welcome, and made the fact they weren't going to produce an heir into a point of policy. Every enemy of England somehow came to believe that they were being courted to peacefully take over the crown when Edward died. (As illustrated in the story of the trip that Edith's brother, later Harold I, took to Normandy, where he apparently promised the crown to William, and where he was probably acting on orders.)

Hence decades of relative peace, one of the longest stretches of prosperity and freedom from fear in the islands since Roman times. The people loved Edward and Edith for their 'Reign of Solomon', that is, because no foreign armies were eating their produce and lodging in their homes. What we might these days call a gay man and his best friend had rewritten the constitution (the Law being remade in the style of that unfairly maligned benevolent ruler, Cnut), and kept England at peace through sheer guile.

But as I said, the story has no ending. On his deathbed, Edward hands his ring to Harold, and asks him to have a go at winning the endgame. He nearly does, but William turn on the victorious English troops running after his cavalry. After Hastings, William proposes marriage to Edith, who opts to go into a nunnery instead, but not until she's forced 'William to take on Edward's entire Law rather than face her as the leader of continual civil uprising.

William is crowned in the Westminster Abbey Edward had built for him by Norman architects. And it's said in some stories that Harold secretly watches, because the King who pretends to get an arrow in the eye and thus survives the battle was a favourite story of Edward's, read to his court every year.

But it's messy. Our hero is gone, as often in history, before the events he's been at the heart of are really tidied up. But the story suggests something: Edward was a hero of domesticity, of peace, of the small things, someone who used his intelligence to prevent battle. So what better way of using some of this material than to place it in a story that moves across time, with a similar hero who samples the good bits and is never around for the messy complexities of afterwards?

And doesn't that suggest a difference between that hero and someone else: a villain who's been forced to live through all that the hero can skip over?

Two: The Paul McGann Season (Caroline)

Co-writing *Seasons of Fear* was a rather different experience than I guess most writers have of writing an audio play. Paul never intended to write *Seasons* with someone else, and so I was brought in halfway through the process, after the meetings and preparation had already been and gone. [Because I was busy working on a *Casualty* re-write, and a couple of other suggested co-writers had declined – Paul.] One of the first things I focused on as I spoke to Paul about co-writing *Seasons* with him was the fact that this play was to be in the middle of a Paul McGann season, and what is more, a season with an arc. Looking at this for the first time I found it rather daunting. How similar to the other stories would this need to be? Would we have to insert linking comments or even scenes to keep the arc moving? Most importantly, how much of the character development between Charley and the Doctor would be predetermined by the outcome of this arc?

I needn't have worried. Gary Russell, the producer, and Alan Barnes, who wail writing the season's finale *Neverland*, had already worked out that the season wouldn't be rigidly structured. Instead, each story would be allowed to go largely its own way, albeit with the necessary inclusion of certain scenes. Accordingly the challenge was not dealing with inflexible elements, but rather to tailor the Doctor/Charley relationship within the play to hint at what had gone before and what was to happen in the future, without compromising the intrinsic shape of the story.

In the end *Seasons* is clearly its own story. Its form alone (the *Chase*-style romp through time) marks it out as very different from anything else in 'Season 28'. Nevertheless it still includes elements that link it to the other stories: the cliffhanger to Part Four, for example (written so memorably by Gary Russell), and one of my favourite scenes, our opening in Singapore. So what we are left with is the best kind of arc: an arc in which the plot is moved forward in each of the stories making up its length, while the stories themselves are self-contained. None of the plays depend on the others around it, none couldn't stand on their own, but when put together they add up to a larger whole.

Three: A Way of Writing Who (Paul)

Our attitude in going into *Seasons of Fear* was that of writing a traditional, but innovative, *Doctor Who* story. Because we fans love categories and distinctions, divisions of stories into such dualities as traditional/radical have emerged. Both sides of any such division start to be pejorative terms, because they're each defined by their opponents. What usually happens is that some new breed of *Who* comes along that reconciles the divide. I suppose *Seasons* sets out to be something like that, a traditional *Doctor Who* story that presents the listener with a lot of reversals and new tricks and new spins on old situations. Reversals are the lifeblood of series TV, and are, ideally, what *Doctor Who* is all about. They're the moments when everyone on-screen realises that everything they thought was true isn't. Or when the hero or villain is clever enough to turn a situation they were absolutely losing back to their advantage in one move. They're hard work to write. Those opposed to 'trad' *Who* would say that the form only uses reversals that have already been seen in *Who* before. We think that you can do very traditional *Doctor Who* that satisfies by working hard, by making the moves of the Doctor and of the villains clever and original. And that means that old monsters have to be used in new ways too.

Humour is very much a part of traditional *Doctor Who*. The Doctor is more humane than his humourless foes, and thus funnier. So you'll see quite a lot of verbal humour in these recording scripts. However, it's always the first thing to go during recording because it's often not very plotty, and so dispensable. Also, Paul McGann wanted to do more passion and less jokes. But I'm pleased that some of our hints that the Eighth Doctor, who in his only screen appearance is worried about his shoes and his shirt, has a streak of vanity made it to the final edit. Worrying about his appearance makes him different to the other Doctors, and rather wonderfully vulnerable.

Four: The Art of Co-Writing (Caroline)

Writing fiction with someone else can be the most wonderful thing in the world: those moments when you've been struggling over a plot point, trying to work out how this could be if this and this happened previously. Then everything comes together and you both get it at once, leaving you wanting to dance around the room. Then there are the times when one of you fixes the problem on their own, and the shared joy when they introduce the solution. Of course, it can be hard, especially when you live far from each other, as Paul and I did when we wrote *Seasons*. Everything had to be done via e-mail or over the phone, and lacking face to face conversation made things more difficult.

Brainstorming on either end of a telephone line just doesn't get the creative juices flowing in the same way as a face to face discussion does.

Nevertheless, I think our separation led to something different in the script. [*People have commented that there are a lot of couples bantering in it, but they were there before Caroline was. Probably me trying to be 'Holmesian'!* – Paul.] We were forced to write apart from each other, making our additions and changes very much our own. Our individual styles were allowed to show, even within the overall shape and voice of the script. When I joined Paul in writing *Seasons of Fear* a draft had already been written. Essentially I was given the first draft with Gary's notes on it, and asked to write the second draft. My changes and additions are probably more about structure than anything else. What we didn't have was a reason: why were these old enemies of the Doctor operating in this way? What happened to make all this possible? I saw my role as working this out. I added the sword, which forms a continuity other than Grayle between each time period, and I changed the ending, so that rather than, as originally happened, the older Grayle kills the younger (resulting in some nasty time paradoxes including multiple copies of the Doctor), the younger now kills the older.

Looking back on it, I think the combination is what *Seasons* really needed: someone who knew *Doctor Who* like the back of his hand, who was an experienced writer of dialogue, working with someone whose interest was in structure and logic, and who could come fresh to the story and characters, bringing a new perspective to the work. The end product is the fusion of our different interests and focuses, and I hope it is better *Doctor Who*, and better entertainment, for that combination.

SEASONS OF FEAR

CAST

THE DOCTOR	Paul McGann
CHARLEY	India Fisher
GRAYLE	Stephen Perring
MARCUS	Robert Curbishley
LUCILIUS	Stephen Fewell
EDWARD	Lennox Greaves
EDITH	Sue Wallace
LUCY MARTIN	Justine Mitchell
RICHARD MARTIN	Stephen Fewell
NIMON VOICES	Robert Curbishley
RASSILON	Don Warrington

PART ONE

Scene One: Singapore Gardens.

FX: The lap of water, the distant sound of ships and tile blare of loud gamelan music. A party is going on. Fireworks, applause and laughter.

DOCTOR It was at the Singapore Hilton, on the cusp of the years 1930 and 1931 that I first met Mr Sebastian Grayle. I was sitting in the tea gardens at midnight on that New Year's Eve, looking down at the junks in the harbour, lit up with lanterns and setting off fireworks. I was wondering if I'd done the right thing. I was there for Charley. Her journey on the *R101*, where I'd met her, had been with the intention of keeping an appointment in Singapore, to meet a boy called Alex...

Scene Two: TARDIS Interior.

FX: TARDIS interior.

CHARLEY He's such a chum. But won't he expect me to be dead?
DOCTOR (*Troubled*) Last night I stopped the TARDIS in that year and sent messages ahead.
CHARLEY Goodness.
DOCTOR – had nothing to do with it. (*Lightening up*) The old girl's still having some of her funny turns. It took six tries to get her here.
CHARLEY He dances divinely, and he always has something stunning in his buttonhole.
DOCTOR He sounds like a man after my own heart. I'll not meet him though.
CHARLEY What? Why?
DOCTOR (*Brightening*) Because I'm not a gooseberry.
CHARLEY Well, obviously.
DOCTOR And there's a spot in the tea gardens at the Singapore Hilton where the humidity isn't so oppressive, and you can hear everything across the harbour. A perfect place to witness the New Year celebrations.
FX: Whirr of door opening.
DOCTOR And now it's just out there. Come on, off we go. No, wait!
CHARLEY What?!
DOCTOR This hat... is it me?
CHARLEY Oh, Doctor! It really suits you!

Scene Three: Singapore Gardens.

FX: Back to the harbour sounds.

DOCTOR I think she was just being nice. I left the TARDIS in a side street near the hotel. Charley found Alex by one of the bars, as per my message. I stayed back for a moment, watching them. Their happiness was obvious, and reminded me of why I'd saved Charley in the first place, however many laws of time I'd broken. Just one promising life had been saved, and that was enough. The boy took Charley's arm, and showed her his buttonhole. They ordered their gin slings and headed for the terrace, where, as Charley had promised this man before her adventures began, the sun was just going down. I had a quiet word with the concierge, found my favourite spot in the garden, and called for some tea and newspapers. I was looking for stories concerning the *R101* crash. There was quite a bit of coverage. I devoured it as night fell and the celebrations in the harbour began. My interest was somewhat a matter of maudlin reflection. I may have saved one, but how many had I failed to save? I was deep in my own thoughts when a shadow fell over me. Thinking it was Charley, as she'd forced me to say I'd join the two of them in the celebrations at midnight, I didn't even glance up. (*Con conversationally*) You're back a bit early, aren't you, Charley? How's Alex?
GRAYLE Not very perceptive of you, Doctor. I am not your charming companion.
DOCTOR Ah. I should have known. She doesn't have a moustache. Have we met?
GRAYLE That's a complex question. My name is Sebastian Grayle. May I join you?
DOCTOR Be my guest. Ah. (*To waiter*) Could we have two more pots of tea please?

Thanks.

GRAYLE It's a pleasure to see you here.

DOCTOR And you. Not that I know who you are. How do you feel about this hat?

GRAYLE Such folly! Such arrogance!

DOCTOR Such a pleasure not to meet a Yes man! Here, it looks so much better on you.

GRAYLE (*Laughing*) For once your mockery does not infuriate me, Doctor. This time, I am the one in control.

DOCTOR I'm sure you are, but I'm still pretty certain we haven't met.

GRAYLE Oh, but we have, Time Lord.

DOCTOR Are you confusing me with someone else? I'm not the one who says 'you must obey me'. I don't meddle. And I'm not a glamorous woman at the moment.

GRAYLE We are old acquaintances. In my past. But in your future.

DOCTOR (*Serious*) You've broken the first law of time?

GRAYLE Not at all. I am immortal. Thanks to my masters. I have waited through the generations for this meeting. So I can finally look you in the eye, finally allow myself to feel the satisfaction of your death.

DOCTOR My death?! What have you done?

GRAYLE Only now do you begin to feel the bite of it. I have killed you, Doctor. Not only that, but I have delivered this world to my masters. Look around you. Look at those poor fools in the harbour, celebrating the turn of a year they don't even acknowledge. They are illusions, Doctor. This timeline no longer truly exists, and neither do they. My masters resurrected this place using their power over time, simply so I could indulge a whim, to see my foe face to face at last. The reality is much changed. My masters are the masters of Earth. In the real universe, this planet is their feeding ground.

DOCTOR But everything looks... everything feels...

GRAYLE That is how complete their mastery over time has become. Your own people, Doctor, in this new timeline, are no longer the Lords of existence. That honour has fallen to my employers.

DOCTOR Who are?

GRAYLE I think... I will let that remain as a surprise.

DOCTOR I'll prevent this.

GRAYLE But it's already happened. You can't rely on the history you know, Doctor. Not any more. My task is done. And now I shall take my leave of you. Revenge is sweet, but I have drunk deeply enough. We shall not meet again.

FX: His laughter fades as he leaves.

DOCTOR Wait! Stop!

FX: The Doctor runs after him, but he collides with –

DOCTOR Ooof – Charley!

CHARLEY Doctor, you have to meet Alex! He's in the –

DOCTOR Did you just pass a man going out as you were coming in?

CHARLEY (*Not listening*) He's absolutely charming!

DOCTOR Well, I don't think so!

CHARLEY You don't know him!

DOCTOR Well, no, but he said he'd killed me!

CHARLEY Alex Grayle said he'd killed you?

DOCTOR Not Alex! (*Realises*) Grayle? Alex is also called Grayle?

CHARLEY Also?

DOCTOR As well as Sebastian.

CHARLEY Who's Sebastian?

DOCTOR Sebastian is the Grayle who says he's killed me!

CHARLEY Have you been fighting with Alex's Granddad? He told me they'd met up earlier today –

DOCTOR Granddad? My aunt Flavia he's his Granddad! He's an Immortal!

CHARLEY I'm very confused.

DOCTOR So's time. Charley, something awful has happened. Sometime in the past.
CHARLEY Is this anything to do with... you know. Rescuing me?
DOCTOR I don't know. I doubt it – this is quite different. Apparently this is a ruse – a falsehood. In reality, the monsters have taken over!
CHARLEY Then how can everything be like this?
DOCTOR Later, Charley, later! We have to get back to the TARDIS, before they decide they don't need this pretend timeline anymore!
CHARLEY Doctor, what–? Oh, wait for me!
DOCTOR (*Voice fading as he strides off*) Come on Charley, we've got a world to save!

Scene Four: TARDIS Interior.

FX: TARDIS take-off noise and interior.

DOCTOR (*Fade into conversation*) ...which means that the web of time has been unspun. These masters Grayle talks about have shattered it. The rules don't exist anymore. Grayle can do anything he likes.

FX: TARDIS controls.

DOCTOR I've got the TARDIS out of the false timeline, at least. We're being battered by time storms in all directions. The disruption to the original timeline is vast.

CHARLEY Doctor... this problem with time, please be honest with me now. Is it my fault?

DOCTOR Your fault?

CHARLEY I was talking to Alex... Apparently the newspapers are saying that nobody could have survived the blast that brought down the *R101*. Remember what Edith Thompson said? I died – they found my diary and everything. Oh, Doctor, if you hadn't rescued me, I would be dead too, wouldn't I? I have read novels on this subject, the person who is rescued when actually their time has come. What you did, it disrupted time, it must have. Have I caused this to happen?

DOCTOR It's... possible. But no, no, of course it isn't true! If I'm not allowed to rescue just one person... No, it's ridiculous! Charley, you're right, if I hadn't shown up, you would have died on the *R101*. But time has a way of sorting these things out. Grayle and his masters have done this, not us. (*Musing*) Grayle must have followed his family line in this fictional world of his and arranged to meet Alex in Singapore, just so he could get you and me there too.

CHARLEY So what do we do, Doctor? The damage has already been done!

DOCTOR Quite right. But thanks to Grayle, the rules are suspended. We can play him at his own game. We have license to meddle! We can go back to when this all started, when Grayle's masters first contacted him. We can prevent this from happening!

CHARLEY We get to save the universe?

DOCTOR Again. The question is, where, and more importantly, when, did Grayle get his invitation to immortality?

CHARLEY Um. That is a rhetorical question, isn't it?

DOCTOR Actually you probably do hold the key to answering it. Could I just... Well, I don't really know how to put this...

CHARLEY How unusual.

DOCTOR What I want to know is... well... you see... Oh, here, just put this under your tongue!

CHARLEY Wh– ugh ugh ugh?!

DOCTOR I assume that means 'what is it?' It's a genetic sampler. And it's just taken a microscopic DNA swipe of your mouth.

FX: Whirr. Bleep.

DOCTOR It feeds the information directly into the TARDIS console. Which saves me asking you whether or not you kissed your friend Alex.

CHARLEY Oh.

FX: TARDIS readouts.

DOCTOR Ah.

CHARLEY Oh.

DOCTOR The TARDIS can tease out the patterns of human DNA throughout the spacetime vortex. We're heading for the Grayle family home.

CHARLEY Ah.

Scene Five: Creaky Attic.

FX: TARDIS materialisation. The door opens.

DOCTOR Shh. Don't disturb the mice.

CHARLEY This is Alex's family home! We're in the attic. We came up here once to fetch a cricket bat.

DOCTOR Did you meet Sebastian then?

CHARLEY No. He only became interested in Alex recently. Just before Alex left for Singapore. Which tends to support your theory.

DOCTOR As does this.

FX: Heavy books being lugged.

CHARLEY Family photos. Documents...

DOCTOR There's Sebastian! And this photo dates from the 1800s. Look over here! One very old vase. An amphora.

CHARLEY Isn't that Roman?

DOCTOR Absolutely. And unless there's an antiquarian in the family...

CHARLEY Not that I'm aware of.

DOCTOR Then Sebastian's Christmas present may prove costly. For him. So what do we have?

CHARLEY A name. An unholy Grayle.

DOCTOR A Latin original.

CHARLEY A conversation. I assume you did your usual act of playing the fool and making him talk?

DOCTOR Do I do that?

CHARLEY I, erm, always assumed you did.

DOCTOR Oh. (*A short, rather hurt, pause, then...*) He's immortal, because of his masters. Masters who feed on the energy of worlds and have tremendous power if they can indulge their slaves so much as to create a whole new timeline for them. Plus, he can't have killed me face to face. That's why he went to the trouble of getting his masters to do that. My death must have been extremely unsatisfying.

CHARLEY Yes, do look on the bright side.

DOCTOR And we also have your carefully sampled DNA chain.

CHARLEY (*Embarrassed cough*) Yes.

DOCTOR Let's do some research, shall we? Then: we go on the offensive!

Scene Six: Roman Camp.

FX: Whinnies of horses, distant commands, distant trumpets, etc.

MARCUS Ave, Lucilius. Cold night, eh?

LUCILIUS Ave, Marcus. This rain! You wonder what's going to fall out of the sky next! It's why the Picts breed so hard.

MARCUS Do you mean that they're a hardy breed, or that they spend so much time doing it?

LUCILIUS Both. At least we won't see their fetid hides tonight. Pity the poor sentries up on the wall.

MARCUS Pah, they're Dacians, they don't feel the cold either. I miss dear old Londinium.

LUCILIUS They say it's warm in Rome.

MARCUS You and I never have and never will see Rome. You'll still be conducting the meeting tonight?

LUCILIUS It keeps the men happy. You know, 'we're brothers in the blood of Mithras', and all that.

MARCUS I know it means more to you than that.

LUCILIUS I suppose so. If I hadn't become a priest I'd probably have ended up dead in the arena. But on nights like this... Oh, thank mighty Mithras for the rain, for it blesses the wheat and gives us our grain! Better?

MARCUS Sounds more like your old self.

LUCILIUS Indeed. I'm one of the few priests in this loose brotherhood who actually means what the incantation says: I wish I could have been there to kill the demon bull myself. My life seems to be missing that: its greatest challenge, its reason to be. We're never going to have a major battle against the Picts, are we? The wall is there, the empire's there for the Britons...

MARCUS I know, it seems sometimes that we've done all there is to do. That this is as far as we get. We should bring the Picts into the Empire, go as far as there is to go.

LUCILIUS But we're never going to. Anyhow, I'm on my way to sacrifice our earthly bull. If you have a moment? It might cheer us both up.

MARCUS Delighted to help.

FX: They go on their way. A moment later, the TARDIS appears, and the door opens.

DOCTOR Nobody about. Come on, Charley!

CHARLEY Wait a minute, I'm trying to keep my toga out of the mud!

DOCTOR So am I! Now, you're certain my bottom doesn't look big in this?

CHARLEY Doctor... We really do have more important things to think about.

DOCTOR Of course, of course! But just take a moment to consider how well we're doing! For once, we've arrived somewhere in exactly the right costumes, having thoroughly read up on our destination! It feel I luxurious!

CHARLEY Was it really worth three weeks at that awful Abbey?

DOCTOR The Abbot of Felsecar is the greatest authority on human genealogy in the Milky Way! And now we know that the first instance of the name Grayle appearing in the records in a British context was right, here, on the payroll of this very Roman fort, in 305 AD, the year of the two Emperors, Constantius and Galerius.

CHARLEY So we find Grayle, and shoot him.

DOCTOR We do not shoot him.

CHARLEY Or catapult him, or feed him to the lions!

DOCTOR We find out if he's contacted his alien masters yet, and try to stop whatever he's doing.

CHARLEY You do always go the pretty way. *(Pause)* I'm joking!

DOCTOR Are you?

CHARLEY Or we could stone him, or throw him off the wall of the fort...

DOCTOR Charley...

Scene Seven: Temple.

FX: Liquid being poured into a bowl.

LUCILIUS It's so much more than blood. It's a sacrament. A promise from Mithras that he won't allow the demon bull to ravage the world again as it did before. *(Pause)* Listen to me! I sound almost Christian, don't I?

MARCUS I like the fact you're into it. For me it's just a good excuse for an amphora of wine and a song afterwards.

LUCILIUS That's how most of the men think.

MARCUS Don't you worry. You should talk to that Christian down in the village: the Greek. There's a fanatic for you. Do you know, he won't admit the existence of other gods!

LUCILIUS They won't get very far like that.

MARCUS I'm amazed they've got this far. A soldier can appreciate this Mithras chap. Persian: we all know what good lads they are. Fond of the sun. Perished in battle. All very noble. This slave Christ was hung on a... *(embarrassed)* you know.

LUCILIUS That's the attraction of fundamentalism. You get to be a fanatic. Our society of comrades gets the common soldier. Not too religious: just looks out where the birds are flying and

does a bit of hail Pallas Athena at the weekend—

MARCUS It's the bathing in blood. All lads together. A great laugh. So who's the penitent tonight?

LUCILIUS It's, erm, Decurion Gralae.

MARCUS Oh no. I may be indisposed after all.

LUCILIUS He's just a little... intense.

MARCUS He's mad as the moon! Have you heard some of the stuff he comes out with? It's hardly Mithraism at all!

LUCILIUS So let him do it his own way. What are we, Christians?

MARCUS Listen, Marcus, I'll bet that as we speak, Decurion Gralae is in his tent, muttering to something under his breath. And I doubt that something is Mithras!

Scene Eight: Tent.

FX: GRAYLE is muttering and humming to himself.

GRAYLE Oh, my great Lord, help me see you as you truly are... show me the truth...

CHARLEY *(From outside the tent)* Well, go on then. Knock.

DOCTOR *(From outside the tent, to Charley)* How exactly do you knock on a tent? Oh well, never mind. Erm, hello? Anybody in?

GRAYLE Yes? Please, please... enter.

DOCTOR Oh, hullo.

GRAYLE Ave, strangers. I am Decurion Sebastius Gralae. How may I aid you?

CHARLEY *(Whisper)* Is that him?

DOCTOR *(Whisper)* A little younger, but yes! *(To GRAYLE)* I'm Ambrosius Clemencis, and this is my friend—

CHARLEY Daisius Daisius.

GRAYLE Odd to see a woman in camp at this time of night. I advise you to leave as soon as possible, the fort is no place for a lady after dark.

CHARLEY Thank you for the warning.

GRAYLE Lady, there is always danger in a military camp. Women are what make the best of men. They offer us absolution, forgive us, and give us a reason to aspire to greatness. Such as you must be protected at all costs. Let me say again, depart swiftly!

DOCTOR I'm very pleased to meet you too, Decurion Gralae. Or have we met before?

GRAYLE Why, no, I don't think so—

DOCTOR Fantastic!

GRAYLE What's this about? I have to go and officiate at the temple in a moment.

DOCTOR Oh no no no! My friend and I have vital information about the Picts. This is much more important than anything else you might have got planned.

GRAYLE What sort of information?

DOCTOR Tell him, Dasicus.

CHARLEY Daisius.

DOCTOR I call her that for short. Well?

CHARLEY The Picts are revolting, under a new war leader, King Caractacus.

GRAYLE How do you come by this intelligence?

DOCTOR We were travelling in the hills when we saw the ladies and the pages of the court of King Caractacus—

CHARLEY Just passing by.

GRAYLE That does sound urgent. But it can wait until after I've been to the temple.

DOCTOR Why, Decurion? What's so special about tonight at the temple? Is there going to be a tombola?

GRAYLE I... I... I have to go! Lady, follow my words and leave this place!

FX: He bursts out of his tent and runs.

DOCTOR I'm going to follow him! Charley... search the tent!

FX: HE FOLLOWS.

CHARLEY Oh, of course. It falls to me to sort through the used undergarments of an ancient Roman.

Scene Nine: Temple.

FX: Latin chanting.

MARCUS I seem to have misjudged Gralae. Far from being fanatic, he's not here at all!
LUCILIUS We're going to need someone to manhandle the entrails. And where's the ritual sword?! I can't do everything!
MARCUS It's not on the altar already? Gralae must really have something on his mind. Ah, talk of the bullock...
GRAYLE Sorry, I was disturbed.
MARCUS *(Aside)* I'll say.
LUCILIUS Fine, fine, you're here now, brother. Go and get the entrails. Marcus, if you collect the sword then we should be all set.
FX: MARCUS walking away and of a chest being unlocked and opened.
DOCTOR Oh, hello, am I in time for the meeting?
LUCILIUS Of course! Come in, brother! New comrades are always welcome.
DOCTOR I'm not a comrade. I'm shopping around. Trying out all the different cults. Seeing what suits me.
MARCUS Absolutely. The only sane thing to do. I still like a bit of the mysteries of Mercury every now and then.
LUCILIUS There's a place in the third rank. You're just in time for the bloodbath.
DOCTOR The story of my life. Nice sword, by the way I don't think I've ever seen anything like it. Could I have a look?
MARCUS You're welcome to, brother. I've not seen another like it in all my years in the legion, either. There's something of an aura about it. The story goes that it's Mithras' own sword, his weapon of rustless metal with which he killed the demon bull. It's certainly killed a few bulls here in its time.
DOCTOR Fascinating. And who'll be using it tonight?
LUCILIUS That fellow over there, Decurion Gralae.
MARCUS Unfortunately.
DOCTOR Should he be moving the statues around like that?
MARCUS Oh, by Jupiter! Sorry. He's putting them in the wrong positions!
LUCILIUS Leave him be. I'll have a quiet word afterwards.

Scene Ten: Tent.

FX: A chest being hauled open.

CHARLEY Oof! If there isn't anything here, then I—
FX: Bleeping and blooping.
NIMON *(Over communicator)* Gralae? Is that you?! Gralae?! Is it time yet?!
CHARLEY *(Trying to sound male)* Erm, no! No, it is not time yet!²⁴ Over and out!
FX: She slams the chest shut.
CHARLEY Doctor...

Scene Eleven: Temple.

FX: Latin chanting. Faster now.

DOCTOR So what happens now?
MARCUS Lucilius announces the bloodbathing, and then Gralae carries it out.
DOCTOR He looks a bit strange.
MARCUS He's not supposed to still be wearing his armour. Got here in a rush, apparently.
DOCTOR Where does he come from?

MARCUS Oh, he's from Londinium, like us, of Briton stock. We're not high on the list of Roman tourist spots since we had that independence business. Gralae's a fellow Decurion, changed his family name from something barbarian, but born within the sound of Boudicca's Bells. He's not some Greek mystic, he's just got some wild ideas. He tried to talk to me about them, at the start of our tour of duty, back when he thought I'd listen.

DOCTOR Like what?

MARCUS He kept asking me if we were certain who we should worship. Mithras killed the demon bull, you see, to save us all. But he kept saying that the bull was the powerful one, a kind of cleansing force, that would wipe out our enemies and return the Empire to the glory it held during the realm of Emperor Hadrian. Instead of the mess we're in at the moment.

DOCTOR Isn't that blasphemy?

MARCUS What, like the Jews and Christians have? No, my friend, you believe what you want. If someone who was... (*embarrassed*) you know... can have a cult of his own, anyone can! Oh, now shh, Lucilius is ready to speak.

LUCILIUS Dearly beloved, Mithras is with us.

ALL And we are with him.

LUCILIUS Before we proceed to the bloodletting, I have a few announcements. Centurion Severinus Paulus is getting married on Saturnsday, so let us wish him well in our prayers this evening... (*He continues, under...*)

CHARLEY Doctor!

MARCUS Oh no, that's quite out of the question I'm afraid, no women in the temple!

CHARLEY What?!

DOCTOR I thought you didn't believe in blasphemy?

MARCUS There's wild speculation on one hand and getting a woman near the blood on the other! Please!

DOCTOR Relax. We'll disappear outside for a minute.

Scene Twelve: Roman Camp.

FX: The sounds of the temple fade as they pop outside.

CHARLEY You'd think we were in the Dark Ages!

DOCTOR Not for a couple of hundred years. Now what is it?

CHARLEY There's a device in Grayle's trunk. It looks like it's from the future. A sort of pointy thing, pulsing with light. And, Doctor, I think it must be a radio of some kind. It knew I was there, it spoke to me!

DOCTOR Did you bring it?!

CHARLEY Well, no. It spoke to me... well, rather angrily, and...

DOCTOR They'll be a while with their announcements. Come on, let me see!

Scene Thirteen: Tent.

FX: The chest being opened.

CHARLEY It's in here.

FX: Bleeping and blooping.

DOCTOR Wow!

CHARLEY What is it?

DOCTOR I have no idea. The technology looks familiar. It's definitely some sort of two-way transmitter. This must have been sent to Grayle by his alien friends. Which means he's already in touch with them. Hmm. Odd.

CHARLEY What?

DOCTOR It looks as though it should project a hologram as well, but you say it only spoke to you? No pictures?

CHARLEY None. So Gralae switched over to sound only? Why would he do that?

DOCTOR I really don't know, Charley. Perhaps our Gralae isn't as certain of his masters as

he will be in the future.

CHARLEY Plus he's wearing his armour wherever he goes: not something an immortal would do.

DOCTOR Yes, there's a distinct lack of trust there. And he didn't know who I was, of course. I think now would be the ideal time to put Grayle off his stride. He's certainly more human than he was back in Singapore. We can use that.

FX: Bleep!

NIMON *(Over communicator)* Gralae! The time approaches! Have the sacrifices at the appointed co-ordinates. We will switch to the psionic mind beam for the transfer of power. The first instalment of your immortality awaits you!

DOCTOR Right you are! *(Whisper)* It's tonight! Tonight is when they, whoever they are, begin to make Grayle immortal!

CHARLEY We have to stop it!

Scene Fourteen: Temple.

LUCILIUS And now let me hand you over to brother Gralae for the sharing of the blood and flesh of the bull that our lord Mithras destroyed that we might live.

GRAYLE Thank you, brother Lucilius. *(Ritual)* I show you the amphorae of the blood. *(A shout)* And now let me show you where you have gone wrong!

FX: He throws down the vases. They shatter. Uproar.

MARCUS Oh, how terribly dull. It's gone all over the place. *(Yell)* Will you please stop believing in things, Decurion?! It's very messy! Now where are you going? Oh, in the middle of the ceremony and everything!

FX: The door slams and we hear bolts sliding home.

MARCUS I suppose I'll have to haul him back ins- It's locked! That mad old... He's locked us in! What in Hades is he doing?

Scene Fifteen: Just outside the Temple

GRAYLE I worship the great bull that encompasses all time and space! Master, I can feel you in my head! I call on you to give me now the power that you promised me! I offer the lives of all the men in this temple as a sacrifice worthy of you!

FX: Roar of building power.

CHARLEY I thought he was supposed to be in the Temple!

DOCTOR That was for the ritual gesture. This is for the sacrifice proper. Don't you think it's a much more dramatic effect, here at the very centre of the fortress, open to the sky? That sound... The transfer must be starting already! We've got to stop him!

FX: Sudden hum of power.

CHARLEY How?! Aaah! That light! What is it?

DOCTOR Gravitic distortion. Gravitational lensing! They're phasing energy through the event horizon of a black hole, channelling it directly into his body. Oh pants!

CHARLEY Is this what makes him immortal?

DOCTOR Not quite. This will keep him going for another millennia at least, but he won't be truly immortal until he physically travels through a black hole. The energies are too powerful to be released through space. It looks as though he's quite happy to sacrifice everyone in there for just that much, though. Everyone inside that temple is in terrible danger. We have to get them out!

CHARLEY He's bolted the door. Hold on...

FX: Bolts released. Doors open.

DOCTOR Come on!

Scene Sixteen: The Temple.

MARCUS Gralae, what do you think you're... Oh, it's you two. What's going on here?

LUCILIUS Through the window, look at the sky! It's the colour of blood! It's full of light!

DOCTOR Marcus, you've got to get your men out of here.

MARCUS We are soldiers in the service of Rome! We do not...

DOCTOR If you stay here, you'll all die, for nothing! Facing things like this is my job.

LUCILIUS Do as he says! I feel it in my bones, Marcus. This is not the place for this battle. Leave that for another time.

MARCUS I knew you'd make a prophecy one of these days! Very well! *(To soldiers)* Retreat! Abandon the area! We will return in greater numbers!

FX: The soldiers run off through the doors.

LUCILIUS You seem to know what this is about. Can I help?

DOCTOR Erm... I don't know!

CHARLEY Yes, Doctor, what are we going to do?

DOCTOR I'm going to try talking to Gralae.

CHARLEY Talking to him? But he's going to kill you!

DOCTOR In the future. Possibly. But the laws of time suspended, remember? There's still a chance that I can talk him down.

CHARLEY I'm coming with you.

DOCTOR No. I'm not going to put you in the firing line. Go with Lucilius and make sure that you both get a good distance away from the fortress.

CHARLEY Doctor—

DOCTOR Please Charley, I'm counting on you...

CHARLEY All right. Let's go, Lucilius.

LUCILIUS I just hope Marcus and the others have made it to the gates.

Scene Seventeen: Roman Camp.

FX: Running Roman soldiers.

MARCUS Keep going men! We're nearly at the gate!

FX: Roar of energy.

MARCUS Ignore the sky! It's just the aurora. It's a mirage!

FX: Time portal FX from The Time of the Daleks. The soldiers react in horror.

MARCUS A demon! A metal demon! Oh, what has this got to do with anything?! Don't just stand there, attack it!

FX: Dalek blast. A man screams and falls.

MARCUS Take it together! Put up your shields! Charge in the tortoise!

FX: More blasts. More screams.

MARCUS Push it into the ditch!

FX: A huge heave. A bash. The Dalek falls into the ditch and explodes.

MARCUS That's it lads! We killed it! Now come on, to the gates! Help the servants and the other troopers out! Look to the wounded! Come on, get moving there...

Scene Eighteen: In the centre of the camp.

FX: Grayle is immersed in the beam of light.

GRAYLE I can feel... time and space opening up to me... Thank you, masters, for this grace! Until all time can be mine to inhabit, I will serve you faithfully, Lord!

DOCTOR Gralae!

GRAYLE You! The stranger!

DOCTOR I'm not here to hurt you, Gralae. But I am here to stop you sacrificing the lives of all these people.

GRAYLE They are lambs to be set on the stone! They worship gods which do not exist. Heroes and sprites! Their sacrifice will bring the true Lords into this world once again!

DOCTOR How? How did you find them?!

GRAYLE In my meditations on the nature of power. In my prayers to Mithras. How foolish

I was, to imagine he was the centre of all things. As foolish as he, when he thought he had killed the demon bull. That demon called to me, with his fellows. They made me solid offers, came before me in visions. They will take me out of this ignoble place, so far from the fortune that should be mine.

DOCTOR A fortune where? In Rome?

GRAYLE In Londinium, where the eldest of all my brothers has inherited the villa. I changed my family name to distance myself from such humility. Now I know I shall outlive him, and claim my family's honours and possessions. All the wealth of an undying man!

DOCTOR That's why you're going to doom an entire world? An entire universe?! For money?!

GRAYLE As yet I know not what my masters desire of me. But I think you seek to mislead me, stranger. My masters will grant me power, the strength to make Rome glorious again.

DOCTOR You really have no idea what you're doing, do you? Gralae, I travel in time. I have spoken to you in the future. Then you had already doomed the world. But it doesn't have to be like that.

GRAYLE Enough! Soon my masters will come, and then my ascension can truly begin. Your lies will not deter me.

DOCTOR No. You're wasting your time, Gralae. You're beaten already. The sacrifice you offered has escaped. Without the lives of those men, your masters will stay just where they are. You may live a few extra years, but immortality? I don't think so.

GRAYLE No! How dare you?!

DOCTOR For the sake of this world and everyone who lives here, present and future. I can promise you, Gralae, every time you try to summon your masters I will be there to stop you.

GRAYLE Perhaps I should remove you now then. I am a soldier, and you have declared war on me and the ones I follow. Is it not better to destroy you sooner rather than later?

DOCTOR You're making a mistake, Gralae. Why can't you just live out your extra years and gain the fortune you want so badly? We need never see each other again.

GRAYLE You underestimate me. Extra time is welcome, but it is not immortality. I will only be satisfied when I am immortal, seated among the gods, and my Lords have this world in their hands! If you seek to stop me, then you make yourself my enemy. Make your peace with your gods!

CHARLEY Get away from him!

DOCTOR Charley! I told you to—

CHARLEY I won't let you hurt him, Gralae. Don't come any closer, or I'll use this thing, I swear' I will!

DOCTOR The sword from the temple. It looks a bit big for you.

GRAYLE You hide behind women, now? When you know I would never harm a lady'? You are not only my enemy, but a coward!

DOCTOR I'm not hiding, Gralae—

GRAYLE No matter. You have won this round, stranger. You have spoilt my sacrifice. But if you get in my way again, with the lady or without, next time I shall put an end to your meddling!

CHARLEY Doctor, he's getting away!

DOCTOR Let him. We've done all we can do here. Oh, and thank you for saving my life! But please don't make a habit of disobeying everything I say. I usually have a very good reason.

CHARLEY You're welcome. I think I'll keep this sword. It's very jolly.

DOCTOR (*Urgently*) But now, we've got to get going! Grayle ran off for a reason, and I don't think it was to return an overdue library book.

FX: Collapse of masonry. Rumbling.

CHARLEY The temple's shaking! Doctor, what's going on?!

DOCTOR Grayle's alien masters were trying to beam the sacrifices to their homeworld using a transmat beam. The shockwaves will destroy the rest of the fortress!

CHARLEY You're right. We do have to get going!

FX: more masonry falls to the ground. A low rumbling is heard.

Scene Nineteen: Roman Camp.

FX: Steady roaring of building energy. Doctor and Charley running.

DOCTOR Come on! Back to the TARDIS! Tell me you got everyone else out!

CHARLEY Lucilius was a bit of a straggler but I saw him on his way. They'll all be well clear by now. We're the only ones in danger, actually!

DOCTOR Not far now...

FX: Sound of raw power as a beam engulfs the temple. The temple collapses.

CHARLEY There goes the Temple!

DOCTOR And us next! Come on! The shockwave is going to hit any moment...

FX: Roar. Things start to explode.

CHARLEY The huts! The fences! The sky!

DOCTOR Run!

FX: Roar. More explosions, over the following.

DOCTOR We sprinted through the fort as the shockwave raced behind us. Buildings exploded into ash as it gained ground. Grayle's masters hadn't got the energy they needed that night, and the destruction was all in vain. When we reached the TARDIS, we were only seconds ahead of the blast.

CHARLEY Doctor!

DOCTOR Key... Key, key, key! Ah, there we are!

FX: Unlocks the door.

CHARLEY Doctor! We're not going to make it in time!

FX: A vast explosion of energy.

END OF PART ONE.

PART TWO

Scene Nineteen: (Reprise).

CHARLEY Doctor!

DOCTOR Key... Key, key, key! Ah, there we are!

FX: Unlocks the door.

CHARLEY Doctor! We're not going to make it in time!

FX: A vast explosion of energy. But under it we hear the TARDIS take-off sounds.

Scene Twenty: TARDIS Interior.

FX: TARDIS interior noises.

DOCTOR That was close!

CHARLEY I'll say! Doctor – oh no, your toga's on fire!

DOCTOR What?! Quick, help me!

FX: They beat out his toga.

DOCTOR And that was such a great toga, too. We only got away from that by the skin of our noses. Ow, look out where you're pointing that sword!

CHARLEY Sorry. I'll put it in the umbrella stand. So what do we do now?

DOCTOR Grayle seemed to think that he would get another chance at immortality. I don't think it'll be for a while though: he was pretty put out. I suspect his masters are limited by some astronomical alignment, something that lets them transfer their power only at certain times... We have to find the point in space and time where they try again. A point where I can somehow sever the link between them. And here's how we find it!

CHARLEY You're not going to need another sample, are you?

DOCTOR No, no. I've set the TARDIS to trace the point of origin for that transmat beam.

FX: Bleeping of TARDIS console.

DOCTOR Here we are. Look at this. The beam originated in the Ordinand system. A rather unlucky system by all accounts, got a black hole almost on their doorstep. That would make sense. Thanks to that black hole, and the sheer number of planets in the system, they can only transmit to Earth every...

FX: Bleeping of calculation.

DOCTOR 750 years or so! I think we can count on Grayle's masters having another go. Their window of opportunity is only open for a year, but that's more than enough time. How about paying Grayle another visit?

CHARLEY Doctor, have you stopped to ask yourself... Why does Grayle want to kill you?

DOCTOR Well I am a rather troublesome person. He probably just wants me out of the way. Actually... in Singapore there was a bit more to it than that...

CHARLEY From what you said, he absolutely hated you. But he didn't recognise you in the Roman fort. That was the first time you'd met. What if he's after revenge for you getting in the way just then? And for all the times we're going to do it again?

DOCTOR So if I hadn't tried to stop him killing me, he wouldn't want to kill me?

CHARLEY Yes.

DOCTOR If you think about things like that and travel through time, Charley, you'll turn your brain into a spiral staircase. And I've heard of people who've vanished up staircases like that. 'Zagreus sits inside your head/Zagreus lives among the dead/Zagreus sees you in your bed/And eats you when you're sleeping', as mother used to say.

CHARLEY Zagreus?

DOCTOR A character from a Gallifreyan nursery rhyme. A bad guy who was a know-all to boot. But that's not important. Whatever Grayle's personal motives for wanting to see me dead, there's still the matter of his masters, who, as we speak, have fed upon the Earth and changed the whole timeline in the process. Those alien 'demons', whatever they are, might want me dead themselves.

CHARLEY Point taken. So where are we going?

FX: Bleeps from console.

DOCTOR Ah. One of my favourite times and places. London in the year 1055. The court of King Edward, known as the Confessor, during the time known as 'The Rule of Solomon'.

CHARLEY So he was a very wise King Edward?

DOCTOR Yes, but they didn't really mean that then. Solomon was known for being a peaceful man. This chap was very cunning. (*An uneasy thought*) And so was his wife. (*Brightening*) Still, they kept England at peace for decades.

FX: The TARDIS stops.

DOCTOR Grab a gown from the wardrobe room, Charley. We're off to hunt Sebastian Grayle in an era of harmony and tranquillity.

Scene Twenty-One: Edward's Court.

FX: Clattering of chains. Roaring of man in them.

EDWARD He's not going to calm down, is he?

EDITH (*To captive*) Aelfgar, you have murdered and abused your subjects as Earl of East Anglia.

EDWARD (*To captive*) Oh calm down! You're not some Irish Viking. Do try and act like an Englishman.

EDITH We hereby decree – (*To EDWARD*) Oh, sorry, you should do this bit.

EDWARD I suppose. I wish you could. (*To captive*) Aelfgar of East Anglia, you are banished to the wilds of Scotland. Do not set foot upon any of the Earldoms of Angleland upon pain of death.

EDITH (*To guards*) Take him away.

FX: The sounds of horns. The thrashing and yelling prisoner is dragged away.

EDWARD So who shall we give his Earldom to? Plenty of candidates. But who's the best tactical choice? Your brothers in the Godwin family have too many sons.

EDITH It's a family trait. Present company excepted.

EDWARD (*Whisper*) Oh, my Edith, dear Swan Neck, I wish we could have a child... but...

EDITH (*Whisper*) I was joking, Edward. You know I could never hurt you with words like that. I feel able to play lightly with our misfortune.

EDWARD (*Whisper*) Misfortune? I haven't heard my nature called that before.

EDITH (*Whisper*) Well I call it a misfortune when you're off in chambers with William the Bastard of Normandy for a whole weekend.

EDWARD (*Whisper*) And didn't Harald Hardrada of Denmark entertain you enough over that time?

EDITH (*Whisper*) Ooh, they think you're so holy! They say that's why we have no heir. Your mind's on higher things.

FX: The sound of horns again.

EDWARD (*Whisper*) Shush, here comes the Bishop. Leofric of Exeter.

EDITH Oh. I like him.

EDWARD Don't provoke me, Edith.

GRAYLE Greetings, my King. My Queen.

EDWARD What is your message for us at this Court of Lent, your grace?

GRAYLE Only to say that my mines produce fine jewellery for my lieges, of which I humbly offer two pieces.

FX: The tinkle of jewellery.

EDITH Why, Leofric, this necklet is lovely.

EDWARD This chain is warm against my throat. Most comforting. London may be of our favourite courts, and this grand hall is magnificently decorated for our presence, but it does get a bit chilly.

EDITH What is this comfortable metal?

GRAYLE A new one, my lady, known only to the expert miners who have opened new shafts to my instructions in the south-westerly tip of Earl Godwin's Earldom.

EDITH This was most skilful of you, your grace. We shall talk later at supper.

EDWARD Now you are excused.

GRAYLE My lieges.

FX: Horns.

EDITH Most generous! Surely you agree that Leofric is ripe for Earldom.

EDWARD Yes. Bishops often make good Earls. They don't go stealing nuns like some of your family.

EDITH And he's not a Godwin. If you must ignore my kin.

EDWARD Take my arm, Swan Neck. We will go to our meal and ponder this further.

Scene Twenty-Two: Elsewhere in the Court.

FX: Curtain being swept aside.

DOCTOR I think the old girl will be safe in there.

CHARLEY I like this dress. All these brooches.

DOCTOR Two things the Saxons were good at politics.

CHARLEY But why couldn't I bring my sword?

DOCTOR Because you're a lady. Do try and remember.

CHARLEY (*Shock*) Doctor! Look out!

DOCTOR (*Whisper*) What?!

CHARLEY Over there! The guards!

DOCTOR They're just standing by the doors to the great hall.

CHARLEY Doctor, I know my Bayeaux Tapestry! The chaps with the funny nose pieces are Normans! The web of time must have been really fooled about with, they must have invaded early!

DOCTOR Charley, Charley, Charley! Norman soldiers were garrisoned in Britain years before the conquest!

CHARLEY They were?

DOCTOR Yes. Edward and his wife Edith promised the throne to William of Normandy, Harald Hardrada of Norway, everyone who wanted it! They kept them at each other's throats for decades. Nobody wanted to invade, because they all thought they were going to inherit! This is a cosmopolitan court, full of Danes and Saxons and Angles and Jutes and Frenchmen and Normans and Norwegians and Irishmen and Scots and, most importantly, one rather ancient Ancient Briton.

CHARLEY How do you know he's here?

DOCTOR Well the TARDIS was picking up signs of transmissions from the Ordinand System to this city. But there's this as well.

FX: Bleeps.

DOCTOR A power detector. There's a radioactive source in this building. I'd be willing to bet that Grayle's got something to do with it. I'll keep the detector switched off under my robes until we're free to explore. Which reminds me. Here, swallow this.

CHARLEY What is it? I

DOCTOR Anti-radiation pill. It'll protect you from any harmful effects from the radiation, if we get close to it. Now come on, let's go and say hello to the Royals over dinner.

Scene Twenty-Three: Great Hall.

FX: Conversation, Saxon music in the background, the thud and slice of primitive cutlery.

EDWARD (*Galling to a courtier*) An excellent lamb, freeman. Your culinary skills bring fame to this court.

EDITH Have you given any more thought to Bishop Leofric taking over the Earldom of East Anglia?

EDWARD I haven't given much thought to anything. I have an ache in my throat.

EDITH Myself also. London's halls do bring chills. Why must the build these things right next to the river, it makes my bones ache and –

EDWARD But ho, look who's here! (*To all*) All of you! To your feet! Sound the horns!

FX: Horns.

EDWARD It is the Reverend Doctor of Bruges, long of my acquaintance, and that of my

father. Welcome, Doctor!

EDITH *(Whisper to herself)* Oh no, not him!

DOCTOR My liege. *(Meaningful pause)* My lady.

EDWARD Rise, Reverend Doctor. This man, Edith, before you and I met, helped treat my father Aethelred of a fever that would have dispatched him.

EDITH *(Pretending she doesn't know the Doctor)* Really?

DOCTOR Aethelred was unready to die that night! He fought like an ox. Speaking of which, this is the Lady Charlotte.

CHARLEY I beg your pardon?!

DOCTOR *(Whisper)* I mean you're a fighter. 'My liege, my lady' now, quick!

CHARLEY My liege. My lady.

EDITH Isn't she rather... young... to be travelling with... a physician such as yourself, Doctor?

DOCTOR What she lacks in experience she makes up for in sheer gall.

CHARLEY *(Whisper)* An ox with gall? I'm keeping a list of these, you know.

EDWARD Sit and take wine and food with us. Had we heard of your coming, we would have sent messengers ahead to meet you.

DOCTOR Thank you, my liege. *(Whisper to CHARLEY)* Do you see who's sitting over there, looking like he's smelt something nasty?

CHARLEY *(Whisper)* Grayle! He hasn't aged a day.

DOCTOR *(Whisper)* Oh, I think he has. A little tension around the eyes. You learn to see such details when you're used to the bitchiness o Time Lord society. *(To EDWARD)* My King, who is that fellow?

EDWARD That's—

EDITH Bishop Leofric of Exeter. Why do you ask?

DOCTOR I've met him before.

EDITH And was that a happy meeting?

DOCTOR Perhaps I should ask him.

EDITH Then it was not.

DOCTOR Would the Queen excuse me?

EDITH Indeed. *(Whispered aside)* I have before. *(To CHARLEY)* So, young Lady Charlotte, do take some wine.

CHARLEY Thank you, my lady.

EDITH Now, what of Bruges?

CHARLEY Oh! It's... much the same as it was...

FX: Table talk.

DOCTOR So, Grayle, or should I say Leofric? You've got yourself a grand old Saxon name now. Why are you at court? What are you planning?

GRAYLE Doctor, is that what they called you? Doctor who?

DOCTOR My enemies never ask me that. Isn't that terrible, that they know me better than my friends?

GRAYLE You've travelled through time to come here. My masters have warned me to guard against your arrival. And now there you are! Before my eyes! You spoke truth that day in the fortress then, if this ir no dream.

DOCTOR Pinch me if you like.

GRAYLE I will do more than that. It has been centuries since I saw you last. During that time you have sometimes been far from my thoughts. But never far from my heart. I spent eighty years in penitence and guilt in a community of monks on the Northern Isles. Only to see them all die of their years while I remained young. I have married twelve wives, but had no children, and watched every wife fade before my eyes into a crone. This world hangs around my neck as a stone at the throat of a drowning man. But whenever I looked up I remembered the words of my masters, telling me that this world would pass. And in that I was constantly reminded of you. Of the man whose interference insured that no season would pass for me without fear and pain. You prevented me from gaining the transcendence of a true immortal. And there you are now, the distance of my arm away. My hand

wants to go to my mace and slay you, for all my seasons of fear. (*Furious and impotent*) The only thing that prevents it... the only thing...

DOCTOR Is that you're well in with the royals and don't want to upset the dinner table. Do you still consider your masters to be gods?

GRAYLE Blasphemer! Would I have taken holy orders if I did?

DOCTOR Then... you and I don't have to be enemies at all! If you've found a faith—

GRAYLE Faith in the power of the Lord, who smites his enemies. Faith that I am being courted by angels of providence, and offered a truly graceful lifetime to be a new messiah to these fallen children!

DOCTOR Oh dear. You're still off your rocker.

GRAYLE (*Roar*) Have a care, villein!

DOCTOR Careful with the mace. No weapons at table. So you must be busy right now. You failed your masters last time. What have they asked you to do to regain their favour?

GRAYLE I don't have to tell you anything!

DOCTOR But you're a gloater, Grayle. I know you are.

GRAYLE What have you against me, to follow me? To reappear now, when my ascension is nearly complete?

DOCTOR Must we go through this again? Your actions will ultimately lead to the destruction of the planet Earth, the conquest of all time and space! I can't and won't allow that. Think again about what your masters are. For all our sakes.

FX: Table talk.

EDWARD Fascinating, lady, fascinating! To hear you talk so fondly of your native city.

EDITH Hmm. Next time we have visitors from Bruges I must dance this 'Charleston'.

CHARLEY It's all the rage, my lady. I think you'd— (*Starts to cough and choke*)

FX: Drops her goblet. Falls to the ground.

DOCTOR Charley!

EDWARD She's ill! Call the apothecaries!

DOCTOR Let me, my liege!

EDITH The poor little girl! Whatever is the matter?

DOCTOR She's got an accelerated heartbeat, she's sweating and she's unconscious. This isn't an illness, she was fine a minute ago! She's been poisoned!

FX: A gasp from the courtiers.

EDWARD In our court! Who would dare?!

EDITH We must make her expel the substance!

DOCTOR No we mustn't! (*Remembering his place*) My lady. I have medicines in my travelling chest. Let me take her there.

FX: He heaves her into his arms.

EDWARD Clear his way! Let no man bar his path!

DOCTOR Hang on, Charley! Just hang on!

Scene Twenty-Four: TARDIS Interior.

FX: The doors open.

DOCTOR The nanites of the TARDIS console room should be whizzing around your body right now, Charley! It won't take long. I'm sorry I said that about the ox. And the gall.

FX: TARDIS doors open.

GRAYLE A mighty magician's cabinet. I'm impressed.

DOCTOR Grayle! How did you follow me in here?! Oh. Don't tell me...

GRAYLE The door was open.

DOCTOR You did this to her!

GRAYLE Indeed I did. I thought you'd take her back to your vehicle. How spacious it is.

DOCTOR She could have been killed!

GRAYLE Yes. But what of it? Within sixty years or so she'll be dead anyway.

DOCTOR Why is that important?!

GRAYLE Because this world is designed by man and God on the basis of mortality. I returned to my inheritance, Doctor, and eventually I received it. My brothers died... without issue.

DOCTOR And you had a hand in that?

GRAYLE I don't remember. Tiny, short, lives. I've ceased to notice the way dust motes like that quibble. I concern myself now with no one but Earls, and Kings, and angels.

DOCTOR Then no wonder you're as mad as they come!

GRAYLE My new state, and the slow processes of influence and investment have given me a land of my own, a bishopric. And soon they will give me more.

DOCTOR An earldom, perhaps?

GRAYLE The world, Doctor. What less could one desire?

DOCTOR As well as your immortality? Your masters are getting more generous by the second! How are you going to get hold of the world, then?

GRAYLE My masters will bestow upon me the Earldom of Earth when they come at last.

DOCTOR You're a fool to believe that. And I suppose they want nothing at all in return?

GRAYLE It will be my efforts that will allow their entrance to this world. I have gathered the holy metal, followed their instructions. They are grateful enough for that.

CHARLEY (*Weakly*) That thing you do still works, doesn't it?

DOCTOR Charley, you're all right!

GRAYLE Don't turn your back on me for the sake of a short-lived wench!

DOCTOR (*Whisper*) A short-lived – (*Roar of anger*) You...! (*He stops within inches of GRAYLE*) Oh dear.

GRAYLE (*Shout*) Stop! Yes, I carry a blade as well as my mace! And you go unarmed! Why couldn't I kill you now?

DOCTOR Because the King's servants will already be searching for me.

GRAYLE And in this machine they will not find you. I closed the door behind me.

DOCTOR Because when first we met, you gave me the impression that you killed me at long range.

GRAYLE Interesting! So we meet in the future, and I have done this deed? But I have free will, and would do it now!

DOCTOR Because of the hatstand.

GRAYLE The what?

FX: Thump. GRAYLE groans and falls.

CHARLEY The hatstand.

DOCTOR Thank you, Charley.

CHARLEY Well, now he's tried to kill me, are you feeling more inclined to save yourself and the entire world by dropping him into a volcano or something?

DOCTOR No. And I'm horrified that you're still suggesting that.

CHARLEY I only say it because I know you won't do it. But –

DOCTOR Yes?

CHARLEY We could drop him off on some perfectly nice but deserted planet. Just get him out of the way.

DOCTOR And then his masters, as soon as their alignment allowed, would either rescue him or pick a new disciple.

CHARLEY Oh well. At least you got some information out of him.

DOCTOR Yes, he's swapping metal for immortality. Not a very good bargain, I'd have thought. We need to find out what he's doing with the metal... but for now, we're expected back in the great hall.

CHARLEY So what shall we do with him?

DOCTOR I'd like to lock him in here for a while, but left alone he could do serious damage. Besides, in the end he would get out of any confinement. That's one of the most wonderful things about Lady Time, isn't it? How nothing's constant. How everything decays and changes.

CHARLEY You call that wonderful?

DOCTOR I call it absolutely beautiful. How would it be if everything was always the same? If you never got too big for your dresses, if you never got to pass them on to your sister... If the rainy

autumn lasted forever and spring never came. At least I change. I'm stumbling my way through bodies like I own a particularly dangerous bicycle. Grayle never changes. Not inside. Not who he is. So time piles on top of him and kills everything good. No one should have to go through that.

CHARLEY If we're going to help him, we're going to have to separate him from his masters. So we need to find out more about them, don't we?

DOCTOR Yes. Sorry, was I soliloquising again? Filthy habit. Come on, let's get him outside and hide him in a corner somewhere.

Scene Twenty-Five: Elsewhere in the Court.

FX: Curtain being swept aside.

CHARLEY He's heavy!

DOCTOR Get him behind the... Ah.

EDITH What have you done to our bishop?

DOCTOR My lady! We only—

CHARLEY Rendered him unconscious.

EDITH You seem quite well now, young lady. You said earlier, Doctor, that yourself and Leofric had been enemies...

DOCTOR Um. Doesn't look good, does it?

EDITH Guards! Take them!

DOCTOR Edith! Come on, I know what this is really about!

EDITH Then you will have to find something else to ponder in our prison.

FX: The DOCTOR and CHARLEY are hustled away by the guards.

Scene Twenty-Six: Cell.

FX: The creak of chains.

CHARLEY I hardly credited it that all those cartoonists in Punch might have had it accurately, but it seems they did. We are actually manacled to a wall.

DOCTOR It's a form of torture.

CHARLEY Odd, because it doesn't hurt.

DOCTOR In a couple of days it will. If they leave us for a week we'll be in continuous agony.

CHARLEY Oh.

DOCTOR But cheer up. Look, there's a mouse!

CHARLEY I am deeply cheered. So what did you mean? When you told Queen Edith that you knew what this was really about?

DOCTOR Oh, she knows I wouldn't hurt her bishop. She's just upset because I left her at the altar.

CHARLEY You... did what?

DOCTOR Before Edward and Edith met, Edward was a puppet ruler, put on the throne by Edith's family, the Godwins. They decided they wanted an heir to the throne, so they married him off to their daughter, Edith, the most beautiful woman in England. Probably.

CHARLEY Yes, but—

DOCTOR But Edith turned out to be also the most intelligent woman in England. She and Edward really liked each other. And they spent the next few decades making all of England's enemies fall into their own traps.

CHARLEY So you and she had a lot in common.

DOCTOR I met her at her father's court. Much as I met Edward at his. I really liked the idea of spending some time talking about politics with the most brilliant tactician of her age. Only Edith saw it a bit differently. One leap year she asked me to marry her.

CHARLEY And you said—?

DOCTOR I must have mumbled. And then everyone was talking about a wedding, before her father returned to say no, and I couldn't see her beforehand, and none of her courtiers seemed to

want to listen when I said I didn't want to marry her, and one thing led to another and...

CHARLEY And you did a runner!

DOCTOR It was either that or become part of British history.

FX: Door opening.

GRAYLE I hope you are both considering your immortal souls.

CHARLEY You! I should have thumped you harder.

GRAYLE The King is most displeased with you for attacking one on his clergy.

DOCTOR If I could speak to him—

GRAYLE But he's indisposed. An illness. I've been granted leave to take your confession, Doctor. To forgive you for your sins against me. I intend to hear you beg your contrition at great length, but first, let's see what tricks you have up your sleeve.

FX: Rustle as he searches him.

GRAYLE What, for example, is this?

DOCTOR It's a musical instrument.

GBAYLE Then how does it play?

FX: Bleeps and bleeps. Then the roar of a geiger counter.

GRAYLE (*Yells*) It roars at me!

FX: It thumps onto the floor and the roar reduces to a hiss.

CHARLEY (*Whisper*) Doctor, if that's the radiation detector...

DOCTOR Just a harmless tracking device. Still a man of your age, eh, Grayle? Frightened of the great beyond. Don't your masters scare you, just a little bit?

GRAYLE Of course they do. It is wise to fear the angels of the Lord. And it would be wise of you to fear me. And my blade.

CHARLEY Doctor...

GRAYLE First you will suffer slowly. Then the girl.

DOCTOR Charley, close your eyes.

FX: The DOCTOR screams in agony.

CHARLEY Stop! Please! Stop hurting him!

GRAYLE Very well. Hmm, you are a short-haired wench, aren't you?

CHARLEY I really... didn't mean... that you should hurt me instead.

GRAYLE Unfortunately, that's exactly how I took it.

DOCTOR (*Panting*) Grayle, if you harm her—

FX: CHARLEY shrieks in pain.

GRAYLE Hush, that was just a nick on your ear. Men suffer worse at the barber.

DOCTOR If you harm her I will show you suffering beyond anything you've experienced so far! Do you hear me, Grayle?!

GRAYLE You dare?!

CHARLEY No, Doctor, don't make him go to you, not for me—

FX: The DOCTOR screams again. The door opens.

EDITH Leofric?

GRAYLE My queen.

DOCTOR Edith... Thank goodness...

EDITH Do not thank anything yet, Doctor.

CHARLEY You're not here to free us?

DOCTOR From the look of that smile, no, she isn't.

EDITH His grace the Bishop has been a good servant to the crown. And the Doctor has been only a false traitor to me.

DOCTOR Edith, I was very fond of you. I just don't do weddings.

EDITH Leofric has offered me a way to keep Angleland safe for centuries hence. And when dear Edward dies... and somehow Leofric has made his way past all the servants and food tasters to bring the King to the brink of that condition... then myself and the new Earl of East Anglia will have a baby strong enough to keep the throne.

GRAYLE My loyalty to my Queen is absolute, and the necklet she wears is testimony to it.

DOCTOR My lady, I can give you gifts too. The sparkling object on the floor, for instance...

GRAYLE No! Wait, my—

EDITH What, this?

FX: She picks it up. Bleeps and bleeps.

EDITH An odd sort of gift. A lantern of tiny lights and chiming noises. The handiwork: of Bruges is something to behold, but for what?

DOCTOR *(Realising something)* For England, my lady.

EDITH What does the knave – oh!

FX: She stumbles.

GRAYLE My lady! Take my arm!

EDITH My... throat... so warm... I feel so weak...

CHARLEY Doctor! Has the tracer done something to her?

DOCTOR Of course not.

FX: She falls to the ground.

GRAYLE My lady! My lady? *(Then more carefully)* My lady, can you hear me? No, no I think not... *(He starts to laugh)*

CHARLEY What have you done to her?

GRAYLE Exactly what I have done to her husband. The necklets they wear are made of a holy metal, mined in great quantity by my servants. The metal kills. It can kill you slowly, over months, like an illness, as my men discovered. But then my masters deemed that we should stack it in a pile with peat and lead, and it emerged in a form that only I could handle safely, a form that burnt my servants like the sun, and killed them in hours.

DOCTOR Humans will call it plutonium.

CHARLEY *(Puzzled)* But, Doctor—

DOCTOR And you made two necklaces of it to kill the King and Queen. Are you hoping to take their place?

GRAYLE A hundred sail barges will arrive at the docks this night, each loaded with the deadly metal. Each controlled by a master who will be as dead as the ferryman across the infernal river, though he will know it not.

DOCTOR You're bringing them here. A hundred sail-barges full of plutonium. That's a lot of raw power. But what do you intend to do with it, hmm?

GRAYLE I shall use it. It will bring my masters to me.

CHARLEY None of this is in the history books, is it?

DOCTOR No, but if it stopped now, it could be smoothed over. The court's been exposed to a lot of radiation. It'll persist for a few decades. But that would explain the mad genetics of... of the next few rulers.

GRAYLE Why so prim, Doctor? There is nobody here to be dismayed by your knowledge of the future.

EDITH Isn't there? What a wonderful plan you had. A pity it's going to fail.

GRAYLE What? You live!

FX: The door crashes open.

EDWARD She does, traitor! As do I! Do you think we have kept this throne so long by not recognising death when we feel it at our throats?

GRAYLE The necklets... replacements!

DOCTOR Which is why the Queen didn't set off the detector. She really does remind me of me.

GRAYLE It matters not! You cannot stop me!

FX: Sword drawn, scuffle.

EDWARD Guards! Gua – oh.

EDITH Unhand me!

GRAYLE Another word, my liege, and the Lady Edith is no more. My triumph is still at hand! I depart to enjoy it!

FX: The door slams as he dashes out.

EDWARD Guards! Where are you? Useless lot. *(Calls again)* Pursue him! Pursue Leofric.

DOCTOR Your guards won't be able to stop him! If plutonium doesn't harm him, he's pretty

near invulnerable. Get me out of these manacles. That man is my responsibility.

FX: The shackles are struck off.

EDWARD You know my wife well, it seems, Doctor.

DOCTOR Only as well as you do, my liege.

EDITH You two are the only men wily enough to see through my tricks.

EDWARD Here, if you would pursue the villein, take my sword.

EDITH For England, Doctor.

DOCTOR I don't do swords, either, my Queen, there's always a better way. We have to stop those barges from unloading! Tell your men to expect a fight at the docks! Prepare them to defend the court! Charley, you go back to the TARDIS. I'll deal with Grayle!

CHARLEY Be careful, Doctor!

FX: The DOCTOR runs off.

EDWARD My dear Edith, do you ever think you married the wrong man?

EDITH My dear Edward— *(Pause)* Shall we see to those boats?

Scene Twenty-Seven: Battlements.

FX: Winey view of the Thames far below.

DOCTOR I clambered out onto the roof of the hall and looked down. Along the river floated a necklace of bright jewels, each barge burning a lantern above its cargo of death. Power enough to do anything, but I already had an idea of what Grayle intended for it. It wasn't a comfortable thought. When I caught sight of Grayle, standing on the wall, he was surrounded by a nimbus of light. His masters had already started to send their power to him.

GRAYLE Doctor. You are too late. Soon you shall see my masters face to face. They have already granted me another taste of their ultimate reward, and so much more is to come.

DOCTOR No. I'm here to stop you.

GRAYLE Stop me? You mean kill me. For what I did to your companion.

DOCTOR I mean stop you. Any way I can.

GRAYLE So you have a moral code? An aversion to killing? But not an aversion to dooming me to this half-life of a thousand years!

DOCTOR Grayle, you doomed yourself. But you can save yourself just as easily. Don't do this.

GRAYLE After all this work? I think not. See my machine, Doctor. My masters instructed me in its particulars, but I built it. Is it not a fine sight? The holy metal will lend its power, and I shall bring my masters to my side. The angels of the Lord shall walk upon the Earth once again.

DOCTOR Those are not angels! Grayle, can't you see?! They are monsters, and they seek to turn you into one as well!

GRAYLE Then at least I will no longer be the youngest son, the last promoted, the furthest banished!

DOCTOR Look inside yourself! They're turning you into something inhuman! The Grayle I met at the Temple of Mithras would not act as you do now. He was misguided, but not evil. He would have spared the life of a lady. You were prepared to torture one.

GRAYLE What is evil? What is morality to an immortal? You can keep your petty ethics, Doctor. See? The barges have reached the docks. My men are about to unload them. Soon the metal will be delivered to me!

DOCTOR Ah no, actually. The plutonium won't get inside the castle. I've seen to that.

FX: Shouts from below. The clash of swords.

GRAYLE My men at arms... are being held back! So. You obstruct me again!

DOCTOR It's what I do.

GRAYLE Not for much longer. I have the machine, Doctor. I can mine more holy metal from another source. And I will live long enough to fulfil my role, which is more than can be said for you! This time I will be sure of your death!

FX: The DOCTOR grunts as GRAYLE tackles him.

GRAYLE *(Panting)* Do you know how to fly, time traveller? Shall we find out?

FX: Scream as someone falls from the roof.

END OF PART TWO.

PART THREE

Scene Twenty-Seven: (Reprise)

GRAYLE What is evil? What is morality to an immortal? You can keep your petty ethics, Doctor. See? The barges have reached the docks. My men are about to unload them. Soon the metal will be delivered to me!

DOCTOR Ah no, actually. The plutonium won't get inside the castle. I've seen to that.

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GRAYLE My men at arms... are being held back! So. You obstruct me again!

DOCTOR It's what I do.

GRAYLE Not for much longer. I have the machine, Doctor. I can mine more holy metal from another source. And I will live long enough to fulfil my role, which is more than can be said for you! This time I will be sure of your death!

FX: The Doctor grunts as GRAYLE tackles him.

GRAYLE *(Panting)* Do you know how to fly, time traveller? Shall we find out?

FX: Scream as GRAYLE falls from the roof.

DOCTOR Not today, Grayle. Thanks all the same.

CHARLEY Doctor, what have you done?!

DOCTOR Hullo Charley.

CHARLEY You've killed him!

DOCTOR No. Look down there. That's him swimming away. A fall like that wouldn't even wind him. Thanks to his masters, Grayle is virtually indestructible.

CHARLEY Well unless he gets out of this city pretty fast. I think Edith will do her best to put that right. With any luck.

DOCTOR I wonder if Grayle can be killed at all. I have no idea how far his invulnerability extends.

CHARLEY Not very far if I get my hands on him. What's this?

DOCTOR It's the machine that Grayle's master instructed him to make. Looks like a rudimentary transmat. Powered with enough plutonium to shift a reasonable mass all the way from the Ordinand System.

CHARLEY He was telling the truth then. He was bringing his masters to him.

DOCTOR Master in the singular, I think. Unless his masters are very small indeed I don't think this machine could handle more than one. Interesting.

CHARLEY Is it?

DOCTOR Very. That Grayle had to make a machine like this at all suggests that his masters no longer possess the energy to move anything between the systems themselves, whether that be sacrifices or themselves. They must be getting desperate. Until Grayle finds a way to take at least one of them away from the Ordinand System, they're stuck there.

CHARLEY So it's just him we have to deal with now then. We throw this machine off the tower and make sure that Grayle has his head chopped off or something and case closed!

DOCTOR It's not quite that simple.

CHARLEY It never is, is it?

DOCTOR The Grayle that I just threw off this roof wasn't quite the one that I met in Singapore. We meet each other at some point in the future. Besides, he's probably on his way out of the country as we speak. It'll take him a while, too long for this window of opportunity, but he can always make another machine and find the fuel for it. All we can do here is make sure the plutonium is properly dealt with. Then we find Grayle's masters' next opportunity and get in the way again! Shall we go?

CHARLEY Doctor?

DOCTOR Yes?

CHARLEY The machine?

DOCTOR Oh yes. Give us a hand, Charley.

FX: Grunt of exertion from them as they push the machine off the tower. Distant explosion.

Scene Twenty-Eight: TARDIS Interior.

FX: TARDIS take-off fades into TARDIS interior.

DOCTOR Thankfully, despite the drama of the last few hours the Court wasn't that ruffled. Intrigue comes with the territory when you spend much time around royalty. I left instructions with Edith and Edward on how to deal with the plutonium, along with enough anti-radiation pills to protect anyone working with it. We took off as soon as politeness allowed. Probably sooner than that. As soon as I had the chance to relax, my body remembered that it had been rather roughly dealt with...

CHARLEY Doctor, are you all right?

DOCTOR No, Charley, I don't think I am. Oh dear. There's blood on my shirt.

CHARLEY Come on, lean on me, we'll get you to the medical wing.

Scene Twenty-Nine: TARDIS Medical Wing.

FX: A medical sort of TARDIS hum. CHARLEY is running something that bleeps over the DOCTOR's chest.

CHARLEY So many small incisions. He really took a dislike to your chest.

DOCTOR Mm. How's your ear?

CHARLEY That's nothing. It's stopped bleeding on its own.

DOCTOR I thought he was going to—

CHARLEY But he didn't. Will you please just say what's on your mind? It's unnerving when you're quiet. Normally, there is not a single unexpressed thought.

DOCTOR Charley, when we were fighting I really... I think I actually wanted to kill Grayle. I'm not sure I had his invulnerability in mind when I threw him from the roof. For a moment I hated him as strongly as he must hate me. I imagined I saw your blood on his hands...

CHARLEY And I remember expressing several violent thoughts about him. But I wouldn't do anything about them. He's a bounder. It's only natural to want to—

DOCTOR There's a difference between your words and my actions! I'm the Doctor. I can't do that sort of thing. But I might have done.

CHARLEY But you didn't. And I know you wouldn't. You're right. That's not who you are. All the same, there's something about Grayle that really upsets you, isn't there?

DOCTOR Yes. I don't know... it's just that his ideas are so small. He's timeless, but he's still a product of the times he's living in. And yet his plans are so huge.

CHARLEY So, you think he has ideas above his station!

DOCTOR Maybe there's a bit of Time Lord snobbery left in me after all. This isn't like when I run into the Master. He's got some self-knowledge, he knows that what he's doing is futile. He's just having fun, in his own way. Showing off to a universe that doesn't care. He always changes his mind when it looks like the cosmos is going to be destroyed. I'm rather fond of him. But Grayle... He'd destroy the universe because of the terms of his father's will.

CHARLEY And now he's failed to get his immortality again. He's going to go another 750 years tied up in the details of the world. I don't think it's going to do much for his sanity.

DOCTOR I don't think it can get much worse. He's changed. He's become evil. The first Grayle, or should I say Gralae, wouldn't even understand what that means.

CHARLEY So we stop him. No problem. Put your shirt on.

Scene Thirty: TARDIS Console Room.

FX: TARDIS console room.

DOCTOR It's fairly straightforward this time. We just look forward another 750 years and we find... Of course! The early nineteenth century. Georgian – one of my favourite periods.

CHARLEY So how do we find him? He could be anywhere in the world!

DOCTOR I don't think so. He's been tied to Britain for so long, I think he'd get back to it as soon as he could. Probably the moment William invaded. And so he's had all this time to collect more

plutonium for his machine.

CHARLEY Doctor, why do these masters, his angels or whatever, actually need a machine like this? I mean, they seem pretty powerful, why can't they get here in spaceships?

DOCTOR You know, that's a very good question. A very good question indeed... *(trails off)*

CHARLEY Well?

DOCTOR I haven't a clue. Maybe this thing will provide an answer.

FX: As tweaks and twiddles it over the next few lines.

DOCTOR Hmm, Grayle will need directions from his masters to build a replacement machine because I doubt he wrote down the instructions the first time. Mind you, he's had plenty of time by now so we better find him quickly.

CHARLEY In which case, we just need your detector... and the TARDIS tells us he's in... eh, Buckinghamshire. Another wonderful opportunity to wear a nice dress.

DOCTOR Wouldn't that be a bit conspicuous?

CHARLEY An opportunity for me.

Scene Thirty-One: Caves.

FX: TARDIS materialisation. Door opens.

DOCTOR Caves. *(Voice fades)* Hang on, somewhere in the TARDIS I have *(voice approaching)* one of these.

FX: A flaming torch ignites.

CHARLEY Careful with that!

DOCTOR Mind your petticoats. I really like this sword of yours. In terms of fashion, I mean. This was a time when it suited a gentleman to carry one. It's thin enough to pass for a rapier. Do you like the look?

CHARLEY I'd prefer it if I could carry it.

DOCTOR Not in the year 1806. George III is on the throne, William Pitt is Prime Minister, and ladies fight with witticisms and the occasional fan, not with edged weapons. We've landed towards the end of the time the transmission channels are open.

CHARLEY So Grayle's had a year to talk with his masters?

DOCTOR Not forgetting the 750 years he's been left to his own devices. Knowing about radioactivity.

CHARLEY Wonderful. Are you ever going to explain this plutonium stuff to me?

DOCTOR Not much to explain. Tremendously rich source of energy, kills humans if you get near it unprotected, and frequently used in weaponry. Next?

FX: High-pitched squeaks and flaps.

DOCTOR Hey! Bats! Great!

Scene Thirty-Two: Fields.

FX: The distant calls of cattle and sheep. The cawing of ravens.

GRAYLE Release the prey!

FX: A bird flaps into the air.

GRAYLE *(Yell)* Go on, Lucifer! Kill!

FX: With a cry, a falcon takes to the air, and kills the bird.

LUCY Your falcon is master of the air, Sir Sebastian.

GRAYLE As I am master of these lands, Lucy. And soon so much more besides.

LUCY Such as?

GRAYLE *(Laughs)* Your heart, for instance.

LUCY My father has only an influence on my affections, sir. He does not buy and sell me like one of your shares.

GRAYLE Ah, you talk of social niceties. I know nothing of these. All I care for is the power to rise above them. But you would not talk at all had you no interest in the matter, madam. Have I not shown you wonders, things from other worlds, secrets beyond human understanding?

LUCY Indeed. I believe you are what you say you are, a man who stands above the rest. A man, however, is not a museum. There is the matter of his conscience.
GRAYLE I have none. 'Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of my law.'
LUCY And you have pride in that. That you are above the laws of man and God.
GRAYLE And that, Miss Martin, is why you are here. This weekend, I would have an answer from you to the matter of my proposal.
LUCY You will have your answer, sir. In time.
FX: The falcon returns to GRAYLE's arm.
GRAYLE I tire of this sport. I have much to prepare for the meeting tonight. It is an important occasion in our calendar. I trust you and your father will attend?
LUCY If women are allowed, sir.
GRAYLE My dear Miss Martin, women are positively encouraged! Shall we?

Scene Thirty-Three: Caves.

FX: Dripping caves.

CHARLEY We're getting near to the surface. There's a light in the distance.
DOCTOR And look at this!
CHARLEY Another mouse?
DOCTOR Oh. Sorry to disappoint you. It's just a door made of gold.
FX: Door creaks open.
DOCTOR Oh, it's just some sort of dungeon!
CHARLEY Well, we were in a dungeon just the other day, and that one didn't have chandeliers, candles, a dining table, or...
DOCTOR Oh yes. (*FX: Pours himself a drink*) The Beaujolais Nouveau. Mmm.
CHARLEY So this is Grayle's dining room?
DOCTOR Buckinghamshire... Of course! We're in Wycombe Caves! One of the bases of the Hellfire Club!
CHARLEY So this is the same organisation we encountered—?
DOCTOR Yes, but a few decades past its golden years. Such renowned debauchees as Sir Francis Dashwood, the Earl of Sandwich and Benjamin Franklin disported themselves right here! We can't be far from Medmenham Abbey...
CHARLEY Benjamin Franklin? The American president?
DOCTOR President... scientist... magician. In those days you were allowed to be president and still be interesting.
CHARLEY So what sort of things did they get up to in here?
DOCTOR Oh. You know. Rude things.
CHARLEY Like?
DOCTOR They probably drank far too much. And look – they weren't too careful where they threw their chicken drumsticks.
CHARLEY Did they have orgies?
DOCTOR (*Shocked*) Charlotte Pollard!
CHARLEY I went to an orgy once. There was a lot of melted cheese. I didn't stay.
DOCTOR Well, people said the Hellfire Club had orgies, but they always say that when women are first admitted to any patriarchal political culture.
CHARLEY Oh. How boring.
FX: Dust sheet being pulled away.
CHARLEY What are these?
DOCTOR Cretan urns.
CHARLEY What's a Cretan urn?
DOCTOR Less than a Crecian.
CHARLEY I mean: how do you know they're Cretan?
DOCTOR The designs. It's an entirely separate culture. And these are from the height of the Minoan civilisation.

CHARLEY Quite a large collection. And there are blades: knives, swords, ancient coins...

DOCTOR Again, all Minoan. Grayle hasn't lost his interest in *bos bovis*.

FX: Approaching footsteps.

DOCTOR Someone's coming!

CHARLEY Where can we hide?!

DOCTOR Let's not.

CHARLEY What if it's Grayle?

DOCTOR We're going to meet sooner or later. Sometimes the best way in is the front door.

CHARLEY You tried that last time, remember? And we ended up manacled to a wall?

DOCTOR Ah. Perhaps we should try sneaking then. Over here, behind the urns!

FX: Door opening.

MARTIN You sir! Who are you?! What are you doing in here?!

CHARLEY (*Aside*) So much for sneaking.

DOCTOR I'm Sir Peter Pollard, sir! And I'm pottering! Your servant, sir! And you are...?

MARTIN Colonel Richard Martin, sir. At your service, sir.

DOCTOR The famous Richard Martin, eh? I thought you'd be older. An honour to meet you. I'd like to say a personal thanks for your brave actions at the Battle of Aboukir. This is my daughter, Charlotte.

MARTIN (*A conman, worried at the DOCTOR'S knowledge of the man he's impersonating*) Well, I... Charmed to meet you, Miss Pollard. But—

CHARLEY But now we are saved, sir! We were touring the caves, guided by a couple of local rogues. We were hoping that we would snag a fine stalactite or stalagmite. The rogues extinguished their torches and tried to rob us, but Daddy dear was too swift for them.

DOCTOR Oh, I so was. We ran in here and slammed the door. When we heard your footsteps we feared the rogues had returned. Hence the hiding. Very fine urns, by the way.

MARTIN Rogues, you say?! One day someone will think to license the guides. May I ask, sir, where are you staying hereabouts?

DOCTOR Why, sir, we have only just arrived.

MARTIN Then, please, the young lady must be feeling faint. She is much the same age as my own dear daughter, Lucy, and I know to what weakness such frail things are prey. Oblige me and accompany me back to where I have my lodgings, with the owner of these very caves.

DOCTOR And that would be?

MARTIN Sir Sebastian Grayle. I'm sure when he hears your story he'll offer you every hospitality.

CHARLEY Doubtless.

MARTIN Allow me to lead the way.

CHARLEY (*Whisper*) Sir Peter Pollard?

DOCTOR (*Whisper*) Daddy dear?

CHARLEY (*Whisper*) I can make this stuff up all day. I've read a lot of Jane Austen.

Scene Thirty-Four: Great House.

FX: The ticking of a clock.

LUCY So Sir Sebastian, have you completed your preparations?

GRAYLE Indeed, Lucy. I have received messages by courier from every one of our brethren. And those of your own sex who form a sorority within the circle of hellfire. Tonight is the centre of our year, the celebration of the rising of the bull.

LUCY Please, sir, such talk would offend my maidenly ears.

GRAYLE I would hope your ears would be maidenly.

LUCY If that is a joke sir, I protest that I do not understand it.

GRAYLE You may protest, madam. But—

FX: The door opens.

MARTIN Sir Sebastian! Alone with my daughter! Do I take it she has answered your suit?

LUCY No, Papa, she has not.

MARTIN Well, that's most irregular, but—

GRAYLE But anything for your wealthy future son-in-law, eh, Richard? And you bring guests with you! Who might you have... Well. (*Laughs*) Doctor, we meet again! I feel I am duty bound to offer you my hospitality.

CHARLEY (*Whisper*) Great. More manacles.

MARTIN I found the lady and gentleman in the caves as I was finding the horned goblet as you requested, Sir Sebastian. You know each other, then?

GRAYLE Indeed. Will you not introduce yourself, Doctor? On my part I present to you my great friend and, if I may be so bold, my future wife, Lucy Martin.

DOCTOR Delighted to meet you, Miss.

MARTIN Doctor, you say?

DOCTOR It is my privilege to be both a doctor and a knight, Mr Martin.

LUCY Why, it is a delight to find some feminine company in this great folly.

CHARLEY To what folly do you refer?

LUCY Why, how many follies do you see around you?

CHARLEY I would hesitate to be known as a girl who found folly where there was none.

DOCTOR (*Whisper*) Oh, stop it!

GRAYLE You seem to have acquired a new title since I met you last, Doctor. How invigorating. As you can see, I too have changed a little.

DOCTOR Well losing the beard was a good move.

GRAYLE Ah, I have missed your sense of humour! I think you should join me for runner tonight, along with your lovely...?

CHARLEY His daughter. Charlotte.

GRAYLE Daughter? Oh how delightful. There is no telling what hilarity may ensue!

DOCTOR A splendid idea, sir!

CHARLEY (*Whisper*) What are you doing? What is he doing?

DOCTOR (*Whisper*) Later!

GRAYLE Burroughs, my manservant, will now show you to the west wing, and prepare rooms for you. You will both stay the night and join my little... party, won't you?

Scene Thirty-Five: Elsewhere in the Great House.

FX: Creak of stairs.

CHARLEY So... would you like to explain? He wasn't waving a sword at us, we weren't surrounded by huge scary men, and yet you cheerfully do what he tells you! Why?

DOCTOR Because he wasn't waving a sword at us, or surrounding us with huge scary men. He's happy, and in the mood to talk. We still don't know who his masters are. With Grayle acting like this, we can find out.

CHARLEY And why do you think he's happy?!

DOCTOR He's confident. He's invulnerable. He must be close to his goal. And he doesn't think I can stop him. He's ready to gloat. All the more reason to find out exactly what's going on. From the horse's mouth.

CHARLEY Fine. You win. But I reserve the right to say, 'I told you so,' if we end up chained to a wall again.

DOCTOR Granted. Come on, let's check over the rooms and then find out more over nibbles.

Scene Thirty-Six: Great House.

FX: The clink of cutlery and murmur of conversation.

MARTIN Marvellous supper, Sir Sebastian.

GRAYLE Thank you. I will endeavour to keep your daughter in similar style.

LUCY Oh good.

GRAYLE Will you not take venison, Doctor?

DOCTOR Thank you, no. I rarely touch meat.

GRAYLE A very spiritual point of view.

CHARLEY I would have thought, Sir Sebastian, that you would be most interested in spiritual viewpoints?

GRAYLE I was once. Now I am of the opinion that the world and all that is in it merely exist to serve me. I intend to change this country for ever, and, as Mr Martin knows, I have the means to do so.

FX: Polite laughter.

DOCTOR So you acknowledge no master?

GRAYLE Every man must acknowledge one master, Doctor.

DOCTOR I thought that you had renounced God and His holy angels, sir.

GRAYLE I may have moved beyond the limits of what used to be my holy order, but I retain the loyalty to my masters, Doctor. As you must realise.

LUCY You held holy orders, Sir Sebastian? Which one? Were you a monk?

GRAYLE I was, dear Lucy, once the Bishop of all Cornwall!

FX: Polite laughter.

MARTIN (*Laughing*) We never know when you are joking, sir!

DOCTOR (*Whisper*) It's as I thought. He's willing to talk about anything.

CHARLEY (*Whisper*) Because he thinks he's invincible.

GRAYLE Doctor! What are you whispering about? You insult the rest of the table with your secrets!

DOCTOR I have little to hide from you, Sir Sebastian. But the things I could reveal may shock the ladies. Perhaps we should discuss them in private?

GRAYLE What have you that would shock my dear Lucy? Do you offer her insult? Have a care, sir, lest I see cause to defend her honour!

DOCTOR You see no such cause, I promise you!

GRAYLE You call me blind, now? Unable to see your words for what they are?

DOCTOR Of course not...

GRAYLE Then you call me a liar?

DOCTOR Now I see what you're up to. Very clever, Grayle. Very civilised.

LUCY My dear... Perhaps my father and I should leave? You and this gentleman seem to have some history that has disturbed you, perhaps?

MARTIN Yes. It may be that this trouble would be better resolved without our presence. Come, my dear...

GRAYLE No. Stay. I wish you to see this. Doctor, I call you out. You have offered me, my house, and my lady insult. A duel is the only answer to this slur. Immediately, sir!

FX: Gasps of horror.

MARTIN Sirs, please! Cannot both of you forgive and think of your fellow man?

DOCTOR Sir Sebastian, I have no reason or desire to raise arms against you. Please forgive my words. I meant no insult.

GRAYLE Your meaning was clear, sir! Are you a coward then, that you will not accept my challenge?

DOCTOR You have called me that before, I recall. And it was as untrue then as it is now. I accept your challenge, sir!

CHARLEY Doctor, no! That's just what he wants!

DOCTOR I take it that the choice of weapons is mine?

GRAYLE Of course.

DOCTOR Then I choose swords.

GRAYLE Burroughs will bring torches to the hundred acre field! And may honour be satisfied!

Scene Thirty-Seven: Fields.

FX: The hooting of owls. The crackling of torches.

DOCTOR I stood under an old oak tree in the darkness as Graiyle's servants fussed around, clearing formal area in the field for the duel. The house staff and guests stood at a distance, looking on.

CHARLEY Doctor, are you sure you know what you're doing?
FX: Swish of sword.

DOCTOR This sword you picked up has got a really nice weight to it. Do you want to have a go?

CHARLEY No I do not . What do you think you're doing?

DOCTOR Grayle's idea of toying with me is to pull me down to his level. To kill me using the manners of history. He set me up at dinner, and now he wants to finish me off before the meeting tonight.

CHARLEY Are you any good with a sword?

DOCTOR I've had my moments. *(Pricks himself)* Ow! This thing is sharp!

CHARLEY And how are you going to deal with the small matter of your opponent being invulnerable to all harm?

DOCTOR With style, of course. Ah, good evening Miss Martin. If you'll excuse me, ladies, I have a feeling I should be warming up or something.

LUCY Your papa seems to have played out his hand.

CHARLEY And your papa is nowhere to be seen.

LUCY He is horrified by this duel, and will not be seen at it.

CHARLEY And yet you are not?

LUCY Indeed. Is that not peculiar?

CHARLEY To which 'hand' of my papa's did you refer just now?

LUCY Credit me for some intelligence, Miss Pollard. The bad history between your father and Sebastian is obvious. They made no attempt to conceal it. And yet you expect me to believe that you found yourself stranded at Sebastian's country house completely by chance?

CHARLEY I confess that there may have been motive behind our appearance. But I can assure you, Lucy, that my father's hand is no more played out than yours.

LUCY So. We seem more alike than I first thought. May I speak frankly with you, Charlotte?

CHARLEY I would not have it that you spoke to me otherwise.

LUCY I have no intention of marrying Sir Sebastian Grayle. I did so when first we met. But one can only hear so much about the purifying power of male cattle before one is completely put off one's supper.

CHARLEY So why are you still here?

LUCY Because I have my manners. And because I am waiting. Oh look, they are about to begin.

GRAYLE *(Call)* Are you prepared, sir?

DOCTOR I expect so.

GRAYLE We will stand back to back. Then we will march forward ten paces, to the beat of the drum. On the tenth pace, we turn and move to the attack. Do you accept these rules?

DOCTOR Is it too late to suggest a round of bridge?

GRAYLE Raise your sword, sir. And begin your last walk!

FX: The drums begin beating their ten beats.

CHARLEY Oh no...

MARTIN Ah, there you are, daughter.

LUCY Papa. You have changed your mind as to seeing thin spectacle, then?

MARTIN Why no! I have... arrived to insist you accompany me back to the house.

LUCY Of course, father, I—

CHARLEY You can't just walk away! Not when the Doctor could be about to die!

MARTIN The Doctor? That is a strange way to refer to your father.

CHARLEY He's not my father. He's my best friend. Or he was...

FX: The drums stop.

GRAYLE Halt! Turn, Doctor! En garde!

DOCTOR I turned. Of all humanity's weapons the sword is their favourite. Different forms of it persist throughout their history, and consequently I've taught myself to become expert in its use. Unfortunately Grayle had been alive even longer than I had, and had even more time to practise. We

closed to a sword's length apart and steel clashed for the first time.

FX: Clash of swords. They speak over the sound of metal on metal.

GRAYLE You're good, Doctor, but skill won't save you.

DOCTOR And you, Grayle, are overconfident. Pride comes before a fall and all that.

GRAYLE You hurled me from a roof and could not kill me. You know I have a certain advantage in this duel. You can't hurt me, but I...

FX: The DOCTOR screams as GRAYLE stabs him.

CHARLEY Doctor!

LUCY He is not badly hurt, Charlotte. Be brave.

GRAYLE I can hurt you! This will be such satisfying sport. You will scream for death before I'm finished with you.

DOCTOR (*Panting*) Not... if I finish with you first!

FX: An explosion sucking of energy. GRAYLE cries out. His sword clatters to the floor.

GRAYLE You only touched me, but it... it burned!

DOCTOR It sucks the alien energy from your body, Grayle. It's a rustless weapon! The ancients who constructed it knew what they were doing! Are you feeling your age yet?

GRAYLE You cannot kill me, Doctor. You are too noble for that!

DOCTOR Yes. A nobility that you once possessed. You were very like me once. You were dissatisfied with what you had. You searched for something more. You sought the freedom to roam space and time. The first Grayle even had the humility to recognise a greater power, the capacity to love! We could have been friends, Grayle. Cut off from your masters, we could still be. I don't have to take all your energy. Just enough to frustrate their plans. You have a woman ready to marry you! Isn't one life enough?!

GRAYLE Not for you! You arrive to make my life painful at every point! You won't allow me the freedom you crave for yourself!

DOCTOR Not at the expense of others.

GRAYLE But it is the only freedom I can have, the freedom to go beyond! You say I have a bride here, but I do not. I do not aim to keep her any more than I intend to keep anything else from my life here! I will have something better!

DOCTOR Grayle, listen to me. If I hold this sword to your throat for long enough, the years will exact their rightful toll. Do you want to know what it feels like to be fourteen hundred years old?

GRAYLE I will... I will not allow –

DOCTOR I won't let you let go! I can't!

GRAYLE Then... you win die!

CHARLEY He's got a knife!

FX: The DOCTOR screams.

CHARLEY Doctor!

GRAYLE Come here, Miss Martin!

LUCY Doctor! Father! Help!

CHARLEY He's got Lucy!

GRAYLE I... may have lost my vigour... but I can get it back... when my masters arrive. When I give them the final thing they need... my bride! Come near me and she dies! Another sacrifice is easy enough to come by! Let us away!

FX: A whinny of a horse. It gallops off.

MARTIN He's taking Lucy with him! We must follow!

CHARLEY I don't think the Doctor's quite ready for that. A moment ago, you were ready to leave him to fight. Funny isn't it how you want his help now.

DOCTOR It's all right, Charley. Err... have I... changed?

CHARLEY No, still the same.

DOCTOR Oh. Good. Takes more than a few stab wounds to... finish me off. A couple of bandages and I'll be... Oh no!

CHARLEY What?!

DOCTOR This shirt is full of holes! Can't I even keep one of them intact?!

MARTIN Never mind your shirt, sir! What about Grayle?!

DOCTOR Grayle. Yes. He's taken Lucy to give to his masters. He'll have rebuilt the transmat, probably got the plutonium to power it too.

MARTIN Sir, if this 'transmat' is the means by which Grayle said he would change this country for ever, then I know where it is kept. The caves, where I found you. That is where the party is to be held tonight!

DOCTOR Then let's go! To the caves!

Scene Thirty-Eight: Caves.

FX: Dripping of caves.

LUCY Let go of me!

GRAYLE As soon as I have attached you to the sacrificial stone—

FX: Chink of manacles on stone.

GRAYLE Then I'll gladly let go of you.

LUCY The sacrificial...? What are you planning to do to me?

GRAYLE Once they arrive through my machine my masters require one more thing of me. They require the binding energy of organic compounds. Such energy as is found in your body! The journey through the black hole saps their energies. They need to feed upon their arrival.

LUCY This is more of your magic. I know not of what you speak.

GRAYLE Once I felt the same way. But then they showed me the worlds they inhabit. Their palaces of infinite consumption. Their great journey of life. Once they are here, Lucy, all will become clear. They will consume this world, give me true immortality, and allow me the freedom to depart for the very stars. I was going to wait for the rest of my Hellfire Club to arrive, to provide more sustenance, but one body should be a good start. Why don't we set things in motion...

FX: He clicks a button. A whirring and beeping.

GRAYLE Right now?

Scene Thirty-Nine: Cave Entrance.

FX: Owl hooting. General night sounds.

DOCTOR Come on!

MARTIN He's placed a great rock against the door. How is that possible?

DOCTOR He's using up the last of his energy. Which means he's getting ready for the end.

CHARLEY You must have really hurt him with that sword.

DOCTOR Yes. I drained him of so much power I should think he's feeling rather vulnerable now. I was very lucky, really. It was Marcus that gave me the idea, but it took me a while to think of it. This is the sword with which Mithras slew the demon bull. Or a recreation of it. A rustless weapon.⁸³

CHARLEY Pure iron! In stories, magical creatures are always afraid of that!

DOCTOR Exactly. If it worked for Mithras, I thought, it'll work for me. It wasn't just his chivalry about ladies that made Grayle run from us at the Roman fort. (*To MARTIN*) Is there another way into the caves?

MARTIN Well, there's the chimney... It's a narrow crevice, leading down to where we build a fire, but—

DOCTOR I can get down there. Show me.

CHARLEY I'm coming too. Don't even try to say no.

DOCTOR Wouldn't dream of it.

Scene Forty: Rocks.

FX: The DOCTOR, CHARLEY and MARTIN scramble up to the crevice.

MARTIN Here it is. Last weekend I had to follow the smoke through the woods and throw a bucket of liquor down there to make the fire bellow during one of Grayle's ceremonies.

DOCTOR No fire now. Let's get down there.

CHARLEY Wait a moment. I can't go climbing like this.

FX: Ripping of dress.

MARTIN Oh I say.

Scene Forty-One: Caves.

FX: Increasing bleeping.

GRAYLE Masters, I call you. Hear me through your device. I am opening the gateway now and creating a beacon.

FX: Trickling of dust and pebbles.

GRAYLE The sacrifice is ready. You will be able to feed as soon as you arrive.

FX: Stream of falling rocks. The DOCTOR and CHARLEY fall in with a cry.

DOCTOR Hello, Grayle! Feeling mortal, are we? You don't look a day over seventy!

GRAYLE Stay back! I may have lost my invulnerability, for the present, but my flintlock can still protect me, and I no longer care what my servants think: of me. Drop the sword, Doctor, and kick it over here.

FX: Sword clatters as it hits the floor and skitters across it.

GRAYLE I'm glad to see you have retained your senses.

CHARLEY You don't care about your servants because they're not going to be around for much longer, right?

DOCTOR But not you. You think your masters will spare you from their hunger?

GRAYLE Why shouldn't they? They have proved loyal to me so far.

DOCTOR But now they're on the point of getting everything they need! Do you really think that once you've opened the way for them they'll want to spend any of their energy on granting you immortality?

GRAYLE They will give me a place in their kingdom. I will finally have somewhere that is mine! A home!

FX: A futuristic trumpet blast.

GRAYLE They have heard my summons! They are arriving!

LUCY Help me!

GRAYLE Don't go near her! I can kill every one of you!

FX: Wibbling of spacetime.

GRAYLE The gate opens! My masters have arrived on this planet!

DOCTOR Good grief! You have been busy, haven't you? That's a time corridor! Transmats not good enough for you now?

LUCY What is appearing there?!

CHARLEY It's like some giant metal egg!

DOCTOR Oh dear. I've seen one of those before. I really should have worked this out a bit earlier.

FX: The wibbling halts.

DOCTOR *(Whisper)* We have to do this now. When those things get out nobody will be able to stop them. Charley, save Lucy.

GRAYLE A moment, my masters, a moment while I free you!

LUCY Charlotte, quickly!

FX: Smashing of shackles.

CHARLEY There! Get up!

FX: GRAYLE turns the wheel to open the pod.

DOCTOR Let go of that wheel, Grayle! I won't allow them to feed on this world!

GRAYLE My masters will be—

FX: He grunts with exertion and the door of the pod opens.

GRAYLE Free! My masters are free!

FX: Hiss of capsule opening. The heavy hooves of the Nimon.

NIMON Free to feed on this delicious world!

CHARLEY Doctor, what are they?!

DOCTOR *(To NIMON)* Do you want to introduce yourselves, or shall I do it for you?

NIMON Foolish Time Lord. We are the Nimon. And you are our prey!

FX: Nimon blast.

END OF PART THREE.

PART FOUR

Scene Forty-one: (Reprise)

LUCY What is appearing there?!

CHARLEY It's like some giant metal egg!

DOCTOR Oh dear. I've seen one of those before. I really should have worked this out a bit earlier.

FX: The wobbling halts.

DOCTOR *(Whisper)* We have to do this now. When those things get out nobody will be able to stop them. Charley, save Lucy.

GRAYLE A moment, my masters, a moment while I free you!

LUCY Charlotte, quickly!

FX: Smashing of shackles.

CHARLEY There! Get up!

FX: GRAYLE turns the wheel to open the pod.

DOCTOR Let go of that wheel, Grayle! I won't allow them to feed on this world!

GRAYLE My masters will be—

FX: He grunts with exertion and the door of the pod opens.

GRAYLE Free! My masters are free!

FX: Hiss of capsule opening. The heavy hooves of the Nimon.

NIMON Free to feed on this delicious world!

CHARLEY Doctor, what are they?!

DOCTOR *(To NIMON)* Do you want to introduce yourselves, or shall I do it for you?

NIMON Foolish Time Lord. We are the Nimon. And you are our prey!

FX: NIMON BLAST.

CHARLEY Doctor!

DOCTOR Ow. That hurt.

NIMON If we had desired your death, Doctor, you would be dead. We will feed on you now.

GRAYLE Yes, masters. Take the binding energy of their forms. Feast on their wretched corpses! I shall prepare the horned goblet.

CHARLEY Not very technological.

NIMON The binding energy oscillator.

DOCTOR It's not a goblet at all, but a product of their psionic technology. The Nimon rely on the design sense of other races. I should have realised, there were so many clues!

GRAYLE I have it here in this... But... Martin gave it to me! I placed it in this bag, and... The gold coins! The jewelled scabbard! Centuries of treasures – they're all gone!

DOCTOR It seems someone else shares your love for money, Grayle.

LUCY And now he will hopefully be far from here!

CHARLEY Your papa isn't your papa either, is he?

LUCY The two of us have seen me married to some of the richest men in the country. And left them all at the altar while we take what you might call our dowry.

DOCTOR I thought he didn't look much like Richard Martin.

GRAYLE But... my masters!

NIMON Find him, you fool! Find the oscillator!

GRAYLE Immediately, Masters!

FX: He runs out.

DOCTOR Oh dear, poor Nimon, can't you feed without it?

NIMON We can still kill you!

DOCTOR Yes, but then you don't get your takeaway dinner. And you need all your energy after passing through a black hole, don't you? How long before you have to retreat back to the last planet you've butchered?

NIMON We have enough energy to... to...

FX: A roar and a thump.

CHARLEY Doctor!

Scene Forty-Two: Rocks.

FX: GRAYLE scrabbles over rocks.

GRAYLE Martin! Where are you?! I see you! You can't run from me, old man!

MARTIN (*Scared*) Sir Sebastian! Take back your riches! Here, you can have it all! As long as dear Lucy is safe—

GRAYLE I care not for any of these baubles, wretch. Only... here it is, the horned goblet!

FX: Whirr of power.

Scene Forty-Three: Caves.

FX: The Nimon roars weakly and stumbles.

DOCTOR I don't call that very hard! It was like being thumped by a wet sock! You're weak as a kitten!

NIMON In moments... you will feel our strength!

DOCTOR If you say so. Meanwhile, you don't mind if I take a look inside this pod of yours, do you? (*Pause*) Ah, you've changed the design! Self-directional! That's a nice touch! The power came from Grayle's machine, of course, but still...

CHARLEY Doctor, what are these creatures?

DOCTOR The Nimon are like interstellar locusts, going from planet to planet, absorbing their energy. (*To NIMON*) You've been trying to get, your hands on this world for ages, haven't you?

NIMON It is at a focal point in space and time. A point from where we would have access to millions of other worlds. From where we could launch many ventures of conquest at once!

DOCTOR So that's how you gained your mastery of space and time. Or will gain. Or hopefully won't. Unlike you to work in a big mob like this.

NIMON This world is vital. Our people are spread throughout the cosmos. A scout to each promising planet.

DOCTOR (*To NIMON*) But this time it went wrong, didn't it? Your scout was sent here, and thought he'd struck gold. A planet covered in people, full of the raw radioactive sources you need to power your machinery. He made friends with the Persians, gave them a few trinkets based on his pod... a sword, for instance, that would never rust, made from material that had travelled through a black hole! That's where the whole pure iron myth comes from! Always a bad mistake, to assume you're never going to be at the pointy end of your own weapon. Mithras, or whoever his legend was based on, didn't know anything about earthing temporal energy. But he knew that magical beasts are killed with magic swords, so he went ahead and did just that! After that, you must have given up hope. (*To CHARLEY*) That Nimon passed into legend, became a metaphor, a memory of the nightmare that waited for humanity out there amongst the stars...

NIMON Your mockery will serve no purpose, Time Lord. The scout was destroyed, but we were not defeated. We found Grayle.

DOCTOR Oh yes, after waiting around two millennia or so. What kept you?

LUCY You talk to them as if they are objects of fun. Are they really so weak that we may ridicule them in safety?

CHARLEY It's just his way, Lucy.

DOCTOR (*To NIMON*) You know, I think you've got a bit fatter, as a species, since we last met. You're big monsters, but you're out of shape.

FX: Growling roar of Nimon.

DOCTOR (*Whisper*) And yes, Lucy, if these creatures gain their full power and numbers, they'll be dangerous enough to destroy the whole planet and from there rule the entire cosmos, and then I won't be laughing.

LUCY (*Whisper*) Doctor, the golden door...

DOCTOR (*Whisper*) Already checked it. Someone went and locked it. We're not getting out

that way.

Scene Forty-Four: Rocks.

FX: MARTIN backs away across sliding gravel.

MARTIN You have everything I have taken. Surely there is no point in harming me? Are you going to let me go?

GRAYLE Over here, to the chimney! Yes, you weakling scum! I am going to... 'let you go'!

MARTIN What? No!

FX: He screams and falls.

Scene Forty-Five: Caves.

FX: Bleeps.

DOCTOR This pod's really a fascinating craft. Nippy. Tight round cosmic corners. Capable of quite some—

FX: MARTIN's scream cuts out as he falls into the room and hits the ground, dead.

LUCY Papa! Oh... papa.

FX: A clatter as a hoard of objects falls into the room.

LUCY Our booty. Including the golden blade! Stay back, creatures, or I shall—

DOCTOR A golden blade wouldn't be much use against anything Lucy, let alone something with the hide of a Nimon. Only certain types of weapons will get through that. But some of those gold coins might be useful if I can... quickly, give me a handful!

NIMON The oscillator! Seize the oscillator!

CHARLEY They've got it, Doctor! What can we do?!

LUCY There's no way to escape!

DOCTOR Oh yes there is! Come on, now they're distracted, into the pod!

CHARLEY We're not going to go to the Ordinand system, are we? It'll be crawling with Nimons!

FX: Bleeps, getting the pod ready.

DOCTOR Nimon, Charley. The plural's the same as the singular. And no, we're not. Help me with this door!

FX: They heave. The pod door swings closed.

NIMON We have the oscillator! Now... feed on them!

FX: Nimon blast. But the sound of pod dematerialisation has started.

Scene :Forty-Six: Nimon Pod.

FX: Bleepings of journey.

LUCY I fail to see bow hiding in here will inconvenience our foes for very long.

DOCTOR Ah, you're in for a surprise!

CHARLEY Can you fly this thing, Doctor?

DOCTOR Oh yes. It's still operating on the power coming from Grayle's beacon. He must have loaded enough plutonium into that thing to fuel half the universe! But we're not going that far, just—

FX: Materialisation noise.

DOCTOR A few hundred yards. Come on, quickly!

Scene Forty-Seven: Caves.

FX: Nimon pod door opens.

DOCTOR The coast is clear.

LUCY We are... somewhere else!

DOCTOR Now, if you thought that journey was impressive, Lucy, that was just the branch

line. All aboard for the express!

CHARLEY We call it the TARDIS. Prepare yourself for a shock.

FX: Rattling of keys. TARDIS door opens and closes.

Scene Forty-Eight: TARDIS Interior.

FX: TARDIS interior.

LUCY Why, it's—

DOCTOR Obviously.

FX: Bleepings of controls. TARDIS take-off.

CHARLEY Doctor? Are we... running away?

DOCTOR Everyone's calling me a coward today. Of course not. Grayle has opened a portal between this world and the Ordinand system. As long as the plutonium lasts they'll be able to bring over as many pods as they want. It's very inefficient though. If the Nimon run true to form, then that advance party will construct a black hole somewhere close enough for use, and use it as a hyperspatial gateway. Then they'll come, here in their millions.

CHARLEY So what do we do?

DOCTOR First of all we close Grayle's portal. It may be an inefficient use of energy, but they could probably bring across a hundred or so other Nimon before Grayle's plutonium runs out. We're not going to risk that happening.

LUCY How do you plan to do that?

DOCTOR By diving right into the space/time corridor they're using and getting in the way!

CHARLEY But Doctor, might this not be the death to which Grayle referred? He killed you at a distance, without being able to see your body...

DOCTOR We'll just... have to take that chance. Hang on!

FX: The TARDIS plunges into the time corridor.

Scene Forty-Nine: Caves.

FX: Roaring of Nimon.

NIMON There are... no sacrifices... for us to consume!

GRAYLE But the Doctor?! You let him escape?!

NIMON Do not presume to chide us. He took our pod a short distance.

GRAYLE No, I'm sorry masters.

NIMON We require... sustenance!

FX: Approaching crowd noise.

GRAYLE Of course! A moment, my masters. You will have it!

FX: He unlocks the door.

GRAYLE Ah, my fellow Hellfire Club members. Right on time. Please, come on in. I can promise you a banquet to remember.

NIMON Ah! A feast indeed!

FX: Nimon blasts. A lot of screaming. Silence. This sequence of effects has got to go on for a little while, or it's a bit silly and Pythonesque.

GRAYLE Did they please you, masters?

NIMON They sustained us. I will call the chosen warriors waiting in the Ordinand System.

FX: Bleeps.

NIMON They are ready to begin the Great Journey of Life. But there is something blocking the space/time corridor! Another craft!

GRAYLE The Doctor!

NIMON Find the pod! We shall pursue him, and destroy him!

Scene Fifty: TARDIS interior.

FX: TARDIS interior.

DOCTOR We're safe! And inside the time corridor. Blocking it up. As long as we stay here, the Nimon can't invade.

CHARLEY They're not going to be happy about that, are they?

DOCTOR Absolutely not.

FX: Bleeps. A scanner.

DOCTOR And here they come. They've taken the pod from the Earth end of the tunnel. They're heading straight for us. Prepare for ramming!

LUCY How do I do that?

CHARLEY As if I know!

DOCTOR Hang on to something!

FX: The pod bits the TARDIS. Everybody goes flying. Materialisation noises.

CHARLEY Doctor! The pod! It's materialising inside the TARDIS!

DOCTOR It was just a feint! They used the possibility of ramming us to get inside the ship!

FX: The Pod opens.

GRAYLE You thought you could stop me, Doctor?! I have lived and lived to defeat you, and I still live now. And now you are about to die!

NIMON Take this vehicle out of the time corridor! Now!

DOCTOR Oh no, if you're threatening me and my friends, then I suppose I'll just have to do as you say.

FX: Bleeps of TARDIS controls.

DOCTOR *(Whisper)* Lucy, when I say hippo, hit that switch.

LUCY *(Whisper)* Why are you asking me?

DOCTOR *(Whisper. Lie)* Because I have... something else for Charley to do. And remember, to tell her for me: 'Fast return switch, three times fast'. *(Out loud)* There! We're ready to move out of the time corridor.

NIMON Then do so!

DOCTOR Well, Grayle, it looks like you've won. As I said, we could have been friends. You could have been an honourable man. You were certainly a worthy adversary.

GRAYLE I spit on your worthiness. On your honour. They are worth nothing.

DOCTOR Well. Here's where we find out. Hippo.

LUCY Oh!

FX: The click of a switch. The doors open. The roar of the vortex outside.

CHARLEY Doctor, the doors!

NIMON No! The time vortex! It is pulling at us! We are – No!

FX: The roars of the Nimon spiral off into the distance.

CHARLEY Doctor, the vortex is dragging us in! I can't hold on!

LUCY Grab my hand! There!

DOCTOR Goodbye Charley! Take care of Lucy!

CHARLEY Doctor, no!

DOCTOR Geronimo!

FX: His voice fades into the distance of the vortex.

GRAYLE Fool! I have but to reach that lever, and—

FX: Doors close.

GRAYLE And I am safe! My masters may have been swept away, but their fellows await to invade in numbers. If I contact them, they will be able to advise me on how to move this craft out of their way! Your mentor was a coward, girl, to take his own life rather than swallow this defeat!

CHARLEY He... was not a coward. He was worth ten of you!

GRAYLE But who lived longest? This is the moment! This is the moment he spoke of! The moment when I have killed him!

CHARLEY *(Agreeing, devastated)* Killed him... and be unable to gloat over his body.

GRAYLE Indeed. Well, I shall make sure I do that! I shall ask my masters how I may manage it. After they have returned my immortality to me. Now, where is the signalling equipment?

Scene Fifty-One: Time Vortex.

FX: Whizzy, psychedelic effects over the Doctor Who theme.

DOCTOR The butterfly colours of the vortex stormed around my head. I could feel them wanting to pull my psyche apart and sacrifice me on the altar of time. And they would have done: only very powerful beings can survive unprotected in the vortex. Except when those beings have set up a vortex tunnel especially to get them to a specific destination. I slid my limbs into a Gallifreyan lotus and focussed on the task at hand. I'd come up with this idea a few seconds before the Nimon had arrived in the TARDIS. And right now it seemed twice as mad as it had then.

Scene Fifty-Two: TARDIS Interior.

FX: TARDIS interior.

LUCY Charlotte, I am sorry. The Doctor told me—

CHARLEY I know. He was standing right by the doors. He had to be, to sell them that bluff. He got you to do it because he knew I wouldn't sacrifice him.

LUCY He... had some last words for you.

CHARLEY I'm not sure I want to hear them yet, Lucy. I think I'd rather save them for when we find out what Grayle and the other Nimon have in mind for us.

LUCY Very well.

Scene Fifty-Three: Time Vortex.

FX: Vortex effects and underlying theme.

DOCTOR I let my mind drift off across time and space... and found the mental signature at the end of this path that I'd expected when I created this wormhole at the TARDIS console. I made my mind swim in that direction, knowing that that was where the Nimon I'd hurled into the vortex were going to end up. I had to get there first. *(Out loud)* Wa-hey!

FX: His voice spirals off into the vortex.

Scene Fifty-Four: TARDIS Interior.

FX: TARDIS interior.

CHARLEY He smelt of honey. He always let his tea cool for far too long before he drank it. And he let me win at *Cluedo*. I think.

GRAYLE There! I have contacted the Ordinand System, and my masters will be here in moments! I'm sure they will enjoy consuming you before they move this vehicle out of their path and conquer Earth. They have said they will teach me how to use it, give me freedom over all time and space!

LUCY *(Whisper)* Are you sure you would not like to hear those last words of the Doctor's now, Charlotte?

CHARLEY *(Whisper)* I think now would be a good time.

LUCY *(Whisper)* I'm sure in the culture you both come from they are passionate and meaningful words, but I confess I do not understand them. The Doctor said: 'Fast return switch, three times fast'.

CHARLEY *(Whisper)* Why didn't you tell me that before?

LUCY *(Whisper)* You asked me not to!

CHARLEY *(Whisper)* Never mind. Do you think you can distract Grayle?

LUCY *(Whisper)* Well, what do you think? After all, in the last year I've only persuaded eight different men to marry me. *(Out loud)* Sir Sebastian? Chase me!

FX: She runs off. Inner door being slammed.

GRAYLE What? Where are you going?! You cannot escape!

CHARLEY Simple but effective. Now then, which one is... Oh. How nice of him to clearly label something for once.

FX: She flicks the switch three times fast. Dematerialisation sounds.

CHARLEY Let's hope it's a quick journey.

Scene Fifty-Five: Roman Camp.

FX: Whinnies of hones, distant commands, distant trumpets, etc.

MARCUS Ave, Lucilius. Cold night, eh?

LUCILIUS Ave, Marcus. This rain! You wonder what's going to fall out of the sky next!

FX: The DOCTOR falls from a great height, yelling, and lands on a tent, which crumples beneath him.

DOCTOR Ow. Ow. Ow. Ah! Lucilius!

LUCILIUS Do I... do I know you?!

DOCTOR No, but I know you, good servant! I'm a messenger from mighty Mithras, a being of the sun fallen from the sky.

MARCUS By Jupiter! I mean, by Mithras! It's all true!

LUCILIUS What would you have me do, messenger?

DOCTOR The demon bull has returned. And he brings friends. They will appear within moments. Take Mithras's sacred sword from the temple and hold them back... until I do what I have to do!

LUCILIUS A chance to battle evil! A chance to kill the demon bull! Thank you, messenger!

DOCTOR Thank me when you've seen the bull. (*Calls as he runs off*) Now, excuse me, I have to pay a visit to an old friend!

LUCILIUS Marcus, we must wake the centurions, call the legion to arms!

MARCUS What shall we tell them?

LUCILIUS Tell them there are Picts in the camp! Anything! But we must gather our forces! This could be the most important battle we will ever fight!

Scene Fifty-Six: Tent.

FX: GRAYLE is muttering and humming to himself. This is GRAYLE/GRALAE when we first met him.

GRALAE Oh, my great Lord, help me see you as you truly are... show me the truth...

DOCTOR Hello! You don't know me, but I promise you, I'm the best friend you're ever going to have.

GRALAE What?! Who are you?

DOCTOR I represent the light, Decurton Gralae. I know you've been talking to the dark. But I should have realised that the words I first heard from you were your last appeal to the light you thought had failed you.

GBALAE How do you know?

DOCTOR Come with me. We have much to do.

GBALAE Very well. But be warned, I have my sword.

DOCTOR You won't need it. Now come on, quickly!

Scene Fifty-Seven: Roman Camp.

FX: Calls to arms trumpets.

GRALAE The men are being called to arms! I must—

DOCTOR They're being called to fight the beast you've conjured up. The demon you've been talking to, the owner of the magical item which it uses to talk to you.

GRALAE You do know everything. Are you... Are you my lord Mithras?

DOCTOR I'm here to do his work. And I know the contents of your heart.

GRALAE My lord, forgive me! I am sorry! I was... merely interested... inquisitive as to the nature of the gods!

DOCTOR And inquisitive about your family inheritance.

GRALAE I sought time, always more time! And then to have a real voice, a real item in my hands! I did not mean to desert you! I have wronged you!

DOCTOR But you can right that wrong, Gralae. Starting right now.

Scene Fifty-Eight: TARDIS Interior.

FX: TARDIS interior. GRAYLE runs after LUCY. She cries out as he grabs her.

GRAYLE Got you, you vixen! Large as this ship is, there's no escape here for you. Would that I could kill you too, but for the needs of my masters.

LUCY You are bound to fail, wretch!

GRAYLE You run, you struggle... It is almost as if... But no, what plan could she possibly? *(He realises)* Come on!

FX: He drags her off, still fighting. Interior door sound. TARDIS travelling sound.

CHARLEY There you are. You certainly gave him a run for his money, Lucy!

LUCY He did get a bit out of puff.

GRAYLE The central column is moving! Does that mean... yes, we are travelling! What have you done, girl?

CHARLEY It just started moving on its own. Maybe the Nimon are controlling us.

GRAYLE Perhaps, but I do not like to stake my life on it. Come here, both of you!

CHARLEY I can't operate that console any more than you can. We're going to end up where we're going whether you like it or not!

GRAYLE Indeed, but with you at the end of my pistols, at least we shall be ready for whatever awaits.

Scene Fifty-Nine: Roman Camp.

FX: Alarms and trumpets.

GRALAE I don't understand your words, lord.

DOCTOR Get up off your knees. See these gold coins? Have you ever seen this much gold in one place before?

GRALAE No, lord.

DOCTOR And is it worth more than the villa of your father? Would it give you a villa of your own and a comfortable place in the world?

GRALAE Yes, lord.

DOCTOR Then here, it's yours. You were going to own it anyway.

GRALAE Lord, thank you! Now I have the money to marry my beloved Julia.

DOCTOR You have a girlfriend?

GRALAE Her father would not allow her to marry a man so lacking in inheritance. And I feel that every moment in this fortress is a waste of the time we could be spending together, back home.

DOCTOR That's how ridiculous money is. By moving it from one place to another you can save a world, buy back your honour. But it can only solve the problems that it created in the first place. Now leave the fort, buy out your commission tomorrow, leave for home, marry the girl and never talk to demons again!

GRALAE Yes, lord! I happily do as you bid—

FX: TARDIS materialisation sound.

GRALAE Lord, what is that?! Is it another miracle?

DOCTOR It's my lift home, assuming I can deal with what's inside. Now, hurry, you have to get away from here before you meet—

FX: TARDIS doors open.

GRAYLE Get away from... *(Amazed at the sight of his old self)* From me! Or I kill the women!

CHARLEY Don't listen to him, Doctor!

DOCTOR Oh dear.

Scene Sixty: Temple.

FX: Vortex noises.

NIMON We live! We have merely been displaced in time! We are on the world which we will soon invade, and we will feed!

FX: Roman soldiers rush in.

LUCILIUS There they are! The symbol of all evil! Here to defile our temple! But I have the sword of Mithras to stand against them!

MARCUS Forward, men! For Mithras! For the legion! For the emperor!

FX: The soldiers attack the Nimon. Roaring. Nimon blasts. Hacking. Nimon and humans screams. The clash of sword of hide.

LUCILIUS I have you, beast! I have you in the heart!

FX: Nimon roars and dies.

MARCUS They are demons but they can die!

LUCILIUS Second rank, throw your pilla!

FX: Spears flying through the air. Screaming of Nimon.

NIMON Destroy the humans! Destroy them all!

Scene Sixty-One: Roman Camp.

FX: Distant battle.

DOCTOR You hear that, Grayle? The legion are dealing with your masters! Oh, and meet your former self. Gralae... this is Grayle.

PAST GRALAE Is he... me? How is that possible?

GRAYLE I am your future. This man would deny you one.

PAST GRALAE But he has just given me everything I need.

GRAYLE Because he knows that on my path you can have so much more! You can conquer all of time and—j

PAST GRALAE And hold women at the point of a weapon! How have I come to that?

GRAYLE Because women, like men, are but insects who die in a season!

PAST GRALAE My Julia is not!

GRAYLE Oh, but she was. She soon lost her looks and her wit, and finally her life. I've forgotten what she looked like.

PAST GRALAE I would have given anything to spend my life together with her!

GRAYLE I did.

DOCTOR Are you quite finished talking to yourself?

GRAYLE A fascinating encounter, Doctor, but it is of no importance. I have a clear field of fire on you now. It is fitting that I kill you now, in the small space before my masters grant me their power once more. It is fitting that I will kill you while I am also mortal!

Scene Sixty-Two: Temple.

FX: Sounds of battle continue.

MARCUS There is only one of the beasts left! Charge!

FX: Massed yell of Roman soldiers.

NIMON We have killed so many of you! I will kill all!

FX: Nimon blast meets roar of soldiers.

LUCILIUS You... will... kill... no... more!

FX: Gurgling roar of dying Nimon.

NIMON The others... will... feed... on your world!

FX: With a final roar, the NIMON dies and falls to the floor.

MARCUS Lucilius, the beast is dead!

LUCILIUS Thank mighty Mithras. We have won this day.

MARCUS And covered the temple floor with the biggest blood sacrifice it has even seen. Five of the beasts. Five dozen of our comrades.

LUCILIUS But it was the best of battles, Marcus, my friend. For the best of causes.

Somehow, I know it. What we did here today has made a difference to the future. The beast is slain. What is best in mankind can prosper in our little time, without fear of the future.

MARCUS Come, let's to the injured. We have many wounds to heal.

Scene Sixty-Three: Roman Camp.

FX: The distant sound of cheering men.

DOCTOR By the sound of it, I think the legionaries have won.

GRAYLE It doesn't matter, Doctor. With your vehicle out of the tunnel between worlds, my masters will still swarm to feed on the Earth of the future.

PAST GRALAE What?!

CHARLEY It's true!

LUCY He's planning to destroy the world!

GRAYLE But first I shall do what I have ached to do for centuries. I will destroy you, Doctor! Prey to whatever gods you have!

DOCTOR I do that every day.

CHARLEY Doctor, please! Run!

GRAYLE Die, Doctor!

PAST GRALAE No! This will not be!

FX: Sound of sword striking. A scream from GRAYLE.

DOCTOR Grayle...

FX: The body fans to the ground.

LUCY Grayle, you killed... yourself!

PAST GRALAE He... was evil. The worst kind of man. I couldn't let him kill you. How could I turn into that... that thing?! No honour, no love, no humanity!

DOCTOR I don't think you need worry about becoming him now. History is changing as we speak.

CHARLEY This means Gralae won't be energised by the Nimon, doesn't it? He won't be their agent, none of what we've been through will happen! *(To GRALAE)* You've saved more than the Doctor. You've saved the world!

DOCTOR The world isn't quite saved yet, Charley. Gralae, there's a couple of things still to be done.

PAST GRALAE Anything to end this nightmare.

DOCTOR You've got to destroy the communications device. And you've got to begin an evacuation. The Nimon will still try to transmat the sacrifices. They didn't wait for you to confirm that with them in the last version of history, and they won't now! The temple and the camp will still be destroyed.

PAST GRALAE It shall be done.

CHARLEY Doctor, doesn't this create a paradox? Aren't we about to land here and try to find Gralae?

DOCTOR Not with the temporal disruption that the Nimon caused. It's allowed this new version of history to quietly replace the old one, and never mind how we got here. Time heals itself like that.

CHARLEY *(To herself)* Sometimes...

LUCY I will never be able to tell anyone of this story.

DOCTOR Come on, into the TARDIS. We'll drop you off in your home time period.

LUCY Oh, yes please!

DOCTOR Thank you, Gralae. By sacrificing a possible future of your own, you've opened ours to us again. You've created a new world.

PAST GRALAE A better one, I think, that does not contain that shadow of myself. Goodbye Lord Doctor, a safe journey and long life to you and yours!

DOCTOR And to you, my friend. Come on ladies. Our carriage awaits.

CHARLEY Doctor, my head... it's full of different memories. Contradictory ones.

DOCTOR That'll last until you sleep. And then you'll know some of them as memories, and

some of them as stories, and some of them as dreams. Don't worry, everything will be taken care of. The tides of time wash us all clean.

FX: TARDIS door closes. TARDIS take-off. Fade into...

Scene Sixty-Four: Singapore Gardens.

FX: The lap of water, the distant sounds of ships and the blare of loud gamelan music. A party is going on. Fireworks, applause and laughter.

CHARLEY I'm glad we got back to Singapore to see the end of the New Year celebrations.
DOCTOR And this time in the good old-fashioned original timeline! Time Classic, I call it.
CHARLEY So the disruption to time is all sorted out? It had nothing to do with me being?
DOCTOR (*Too fast*) Of course it didn't! Mind you, the TARDIS still didn't seem too keen on coming back here. Probably some dust in the old girl's circuits.
CHARLEY Lucy seemed happy to be home.
DOCTOR I was quite offended. Most people get one ride in the TARDIS and want to keep on doing it!
CHARLEY Well, she did have to attend to the funeral of her partner in crime.
DOCTOR Yes, I suppose she did. So shall we go and find your boyfriend Alex and have dinner?
CHARLEY He is not my boyfriend. And yes, let's.
DOCTOR And we don't have to avoid mentioning his embarrassing relatives. We can talk about his noble ancestors. Oh! Hey! Charley, do you know what the most wonderful thing of all is?
CHARLEY What?
DOCTOR I've got through this whole business without referring to the horns of a dilemma, or exclaiming 'holy cow', or—
CHARLEY But you have now.
DOCTOR Yes! Isn't it nice that things are back to normal?

Scene Sixty-Five: Int TARDIS.

DOCTOR ...and I truly believed that they were, which just goes to show how wrong you can be, my Lord.
RASSILON I am not sure I like the use of the word 'You' there, Doctor.
DOCTOR My apologies. 'How wrong I can be'. Poor Lucy. If she hadn't accompanied me in the TARDIS...
RASSILON You care for the life of yet another individual as you do the welfare of the universe, which is to be admired. Yet conversely, you assumed that the Nimon were responsible for the chaos that now threatens us all when they actually made use of conditions that existed because of your own actions. It is sad, Doctor, but there is fault and blame in your actions.
DOCTOR But... I honestly believed that Grayle was behind the time disruption. That with his redemption, I need worry no longer. I meant every word I said to Charley. I should have known better.
RASSILON Indeed! And what else do you have to tell me?
DOCTOR I think the rest of the story can speak for itself, my lord. Let's just say, not long after we left Singapore, Charley and I discovered that our troubles were only just beginning...
NB: This scene to be recorded as Scene 60 of Neverland, with the relevant portions being used there and here.

Scene Sixty-Six: Country House.

FX: The ticking of a clock. A door cracks open.

LUCY Papa? Oh no. Force of habit. I half expected you to be there. I don't know how I shall go on without you, when I—
FX: She screams.

MARTIN What is it, Lucy?! What's wrong! I just popped out for a moment to get the port. My dear, you look like you've seen a ghost!

LUCY I think I have! *(Recovers for a moment)* But how?!

MARTIN I've been worried sick myself, waiting for you to return. I went down the caves to look for you, after that I fought off that oaf Grayle, but you had gone. Thank goodness you're all right!

LUCY There are times when it is as good to see you as it would be to see my real dear papa, in his grave all these years. Was this a trick, then? Have I organised your funeral as part of our greatest charade?

MARTIN I don't know what you—

FX: A sound like a drain gurgling, played backwards. Everything shakes and the two people wail in fear. There is a rumbling that remains constant under the following, and LUCY and MARTIN must sound as if they are in danger of losing their balance.

ANTI-CHARLEY Ahhh *(as if getting comfortable in a new dress)*... how pleasant...

LUCY Charlotte! Or is that Charlotte? But you left, with the Doctor...

ANTI-CHARLEY Doctor? Charley Pollard? Is that who I am? Who I... will be... yes. Yes, of course it is. I can see her now, her memories are forming inside me...

LUCY I... I don't understand...

ANTI-CHARLEY Do excuse this disturbance – I shouldn't be in your universe, we don't... like each other very much. Look on me as a visitor, a tourist doing a spot of Christmas shopping at Liberty's. I think that is how Charley Pollard would regard it.

LUCY But you're Charley...

ANTI-CHARLEY No. Not quite. But I may be – oh! Oh yes, you, young human, are tainted. You have residual chronon energy about you. How delightful, I'm feeling... peckish. You've been time travelling – with the Doctor no doubt. Come here. I... hunger.

LUCY No... no, I... ahhhhhh!!!

FX: Drain gurgle again as LUCY is sucked screaming into whatever ANTI-CHARLEY is. It fades.

ANTI-CHARLEY And you? You, sir, are a paradox, equally touched by Lady Time's graceful fingers. You are a product of disruption, as am I. You should not be here at all.

MARTIN Young lady, I know not of that which you speak... but please, I beg of you... do not hurt me... please...

FX: His begging is swallowed up by his scream as he, too, is sucked drain-like into ANTI-CHARLEY.

ANTI-CHARLEY Yes. Yes, I now know all I need. I am coming for you, Charlotte Pollard. And you, Doctor.

FX: Drain-noise again as she goes, laughing. The rumbling settles and all that remains is an eerie silence, and a slight; breeze upon which we can hear faint laughter, mixing into:

Closing theme.

THE END

HIDDEN BONUS TRACK:

DOCTOR He is impulsive, idealistic, ready to risk his life for a worthy cause. He hates tyranny and oppression, and anything that is anti-life. He never gives in, and he never gives up, however overwhelming the odds against him. The Doctor believes in good and fights evil. Though often caught up in violent situations, he is a man of peace. He is never cruel or cowardly. In fact, to put it simply, the Doctor is a hero. These days there aren't so many of them around...

SEASONS OF FEAR: OUTLINE

By Paul Cornell

The Doctor and Charley keep Charley's appointment in Singapore to meet with Alex Carthy, a boy Charley knew in school. The Carthys are an old Sussex family, interlinked and intermarried with Charley's family over the ages.

But while Charley and the boy have a happy tea together, the Doctor is surprised when a suave man approaches him, knowing who and what he is. He introduces himself as Sebastian Carthy, Alex's father. He's here to gloat. He represents certain universal powers, powers that have granted him immortality. The Doctor, by saving his son's friend from the *R101*, gave these powers their opportunity. The web of time is broken. Now anything can happen. And it has: because Sebastian has killed the Doctor. Many years ago. He sired a son, had him develop a friendship with Charley and set up this appointment merely so he could gloat over his victim.

Carthy departs the shocked Time Lord and throws a newspaper onto Charley's table as he leaves. The headline tells of the destruction of the dirigible with everybody onboard killed. The Doctor grabs Charley and whisks her off to the TARDIS. But she's already guessed the truth: she's supposed to have died.

The Doctor tells her that where there's life there's hope. He explains his predicament as best he can, and asks for information on Carthy. He refuses to let Charley sacrifice herself to put the situation right. He's not even sure it would. They journey back to Charley's childhood home, a sprawling country house, and there the Doctor finds photos and mementoes of the man. And photos of members of the Carthy family down the ages that have all been him.

The Doctor reasons that since the web of time has been breached, he can interfere himself. If he can stop Carthy ever contacting these infernal powers, deprive him of his immortality... even just find out more about his enemies... He gets Charley to interact with the TARDIS console. It explores her bloodline, and takes them back in time to the earliest meeting between the Carthys and the Pollards.

That was towards the end of the Roman occupation, where Severinus Carthacus was an Irish legionaire and Charley's male ancestor was a priest of Mithras. The Doctor and Charley investigate the secretive legionaire, and finally try and interfere when Severinus, following ancient texts he'd discovered in Iran, corrupts a Mithraic ritual to summon the great foe of the god Mithras, a demon bull. The demon consumes a Roman camp, and the Doctor and Charley escape, as does Severinus.

The Doctor finds himself fading away at intervals. The 'demon' has set off a time storm. The Doctor sends the TARDIS to a point where the influence is weakest. He discovers Carthy living as one of Edward the Confessor's counsellors, trying and failing to set up a cult to sacrifice to his demon. The Doctor finds a single victim, dying of a lack of energy, and raises the King against the cult, the King's wife, Edith, being Charley's ancestor. But Carthy's demon now has the energy it needs and

Carthy escapes. The Doctor sets off into time once more, and he and Charley find Carthy in the eighteenth century, a point the TARDIS scanners indicate as one where the web of time is especially weak. Carthy is by now a rich landowner, and his Hellfire Club are terrorising the countryside. The Doctor takes advantage of a slip in etiquette at a vicarage ball and challenges Carthy to a duel with muskets. Muskets that Carthy has enhanced with his secret knowledge. This could be the point when Carthy kills him! But no, the Doctor knows that Carthy could gloat here. He wounds Carthy, and shows the locals, led by their priest, Charley's ancestor, Carthy's advanced technology. They burn down the Club's caves and meeting place. But not before the Doctor has seen Carthy whisked away in a pod.

The TARDIS pursues the pod, and the Doctor and Charley encounter Carthy during the Blitz. Carthy has set a trap for the Doctor, diverting the courses of V2 rockets onto particular areas, using a device to manipulate gravity. That was the moment Carthy spoke of: when a rocket hits the house the Doctor has rushed into. But the Doctor is saved... by the Doctor! Now the laws of time can be broken, and he's journeyed back to this place on many occasions to form a whole team of himself to capture Carthy. But not before Carthy has concentrated the energy of an entire night of bombing into an energy broadcasting device.

Carthy calls for his masters, and they arrive in multiple travel pods. These are the advance guard of the Nimon: they're going to feast on Earth, and Carthy has now provided them with enough energy to do it. Desperate, the Doctor and his duplicates link hands at the controls of Carthy's energy broadcast device. A flash of potential energy explodes. The web of time is broken into pieces, and the Nimon's link to Earth is destroyed with it. The Doctor and Charley find themselves back where they started, in the Raffles Hotel, only with no company but each other.

The Doctor thinks that he's put things right: that time has repaired itself. But as the two friends walk back to the TARDIS, unseen by them, something sinister and relevant to the next play happens...